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THE Nation

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Toward a New Radicalism

by WALDO FRANK

UNHOLY ALLIANCE

AFTRA and the Blacklist

by Jay Nelson Tuck

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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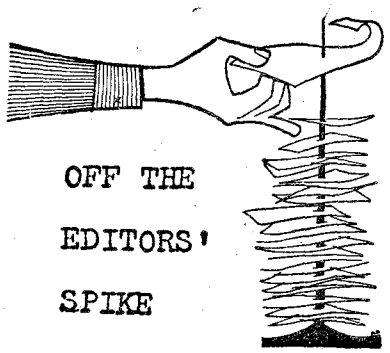

● WALDO FRANK, whose article appears on page 196 of this issue, has been invited by the Department of Foreign Cultural Relations of the Peking government to lecture at Chinese universities and before other groups on Walt Whitman and aspects of American literature, and also to take part in ceremonies in Peking this October celebrating the anniversaries of great Western writers, among them (besides Whitman), Montesquieu, Schiller, and Cervantes. But the Chief of the Passport Division has refused Mr. Frank a passport on the grounds that the Department of State is unwilling to grant passports for travel in Communist China in any case and that it is unable to protect American citizens in China. Both grounds are specious. As the guest of the Chinese government, Mr. Frank would not need the protection of Mr. Dulles. As to the other point, surely anything that can be done today to prepare good future relations with the Chinese people is in the interest of the United States.

There are special reasons for believing that Waldo Frank would make an admirable spokesman in China for certain aspects of American culture and values. His lectures in South America, in 1942, undertaken with the active support and approval of the State Department, were not only received with great enthusiasm but were an important influence in countering anti-American propaganda. Throughout Latin America, Frank is considered so much a representative of all that is worth while in this country that the regular series of articles he writes for a Spanish-language news syndicate is carried under the caption "Voz de America." By denying Mr. Frank a passport, the State Department is missing an unusual opportunity to send a distinguished American writer, of non-Communist background, with a long record of active and successful cultural relations with Latin America and Europe, to explain some of the major spiritual and cultural values of the United States to Chinese intellectuals. This doesn't sound like the "spirit of Geneva."

● From Harry I. Lewis, a Nation reader in Fresno, we received the following comment on the visit of the Russian farm delegation to California's San Joaquin Valley.

"The special bus carrying the Russians," writes Mr. Lewis, "came to Fresno from San Francisco via Tracy and Patterson, visiting a sugar-beet plantation, tomato and cantaloupe farms, grape vineyards, and peach orchards, arriving in Fresno early in the evening. After checking in at the hotel, the group got back in the bus and left for the Lone Star schoolhouse where a real surprise awaited them. There were about three hundred people seated at the rows of tables when the Russians arrived. Lone Star is a railroad stop about ten miles southeast of Fresno, in the heart of the lush fruit-growing region, where many Armenians live. A shish-kebab dinner was served by the Lone Star Community Center, and the entertainment was local talent, mostly Armenian-American. Fresno, the richest agricultural county in the United States, has a population which is a mixture of nationalities, races, and peoples from every country in the world. A local fruit grower, former head of the Fresno County Farm Bureau, sounded like an ordained minister as he pleaded for a better understanding among all nations and for world peace. Once the party was over, the people stood around, shaking hands with the visitors, getting autographs, laughing, joking, behaving like a big family, like citizens of a new world."

● The Economist, in a recent issue, explained how the London office discovered that copies mailed to subscribers in the United States were being held up by the Post Office authorities here. "It appears," said the statement, "that all foreign publications are forwarded to the Bureau of Customs for review under the Customs Tariff Act of 1930 as possible propaganda matter." There the volume of mail to be "processed" is so great that a large backlog has accumulated and delivery of many magazines has been delayed. Adds the Economist: "We feel that comment by us on this state of affairs might be in bad taste, and is certainly superfluous."

That the delivery of this distinguished journal to its American readers should be delayed while platoons of inspectors scrutinize every issue for possible propaganda, might have been justified during the thirties as a "make-work" project. But with full employment, one would think more productive use might be made of federal personnel.

Incidentally, the Fund for the Republic is sponsoring a $35,000 study of Post Office interference with all aspects of the printed word—an important project. Also the Fund has just announced a grant of $25,000 to the School of Law at Stanford University for a thorough-going study of the testimony of leading government witnesses on communism. No list of the witnesses has been released but a study of this kind would hardly be complete if it failed to analyze the testimony of Louis Budenz, Whitaker Chambers, Manning Johnson, Paul Crouch, and Elizabeth Bentley, who has just joined the staff of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Quite recently the New York Herald-Tribune (August 21) carried a story by Herbert A. Philbrick in which the Fund was taken to task because it had made a grant of $5,000 to the Plymouth Monthly Meeting "for courageous and effective defense of democratic principles" in having refused, under pressure and threats, to discharge Mary Knowles as librarian of the Williams Jeanes Memorial Library. Prior to this employment, Mrs. Knowles had invoked the protection of the Fifth Amendment when questioned about political activities. Nowhere in the story is it made clear that Mrs. Knowles was originally denounced by Philbrick or that the agitation to force the Plymouth Monthly Meeting to discharge her was launched by the "Citizens for Philbrick" campaign, an "alerted American group."

Speaking of mail inspection, Mrs. Margaret Ballinger, a Liberal Party member of the House of Assembly in the Union of South Africa, has made formal complaint against the Criminal Investigation Department, a special branch of the South African police, for prying into the mail of the Liberal Party and its members. More recently, the Stridjom government has smugly replied to critics of its severe passport policies that these policies are substantially the same as those followed by the Department of State under Mr. Dulles. No doubt the comparison is just, but it should shame Mr. Dulles.

● Any doubt about the significance of the Federal Power Commission's decision to license the Idaho Power Company to develop power projects in Hell's Canyon (see comments in The Nation (August 13, 1955, p. 126) should be removed by Business Week's characterization of the decision as "a monumental victory for private power, a staggering defeat for the public-power forces." This hardly squares with the Administration's defense of the decision as "a boon to the taxpayer" and an example of the benign public-private partnership for the development of new power projects.—C. McW.

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Morocco and the Cold War . . . *by Freda Kirchwey*

IN SPITE OF continued dangerous tension in Morocco, the faint outlines of a peaceful settlement begin to take shape. The August 20 massacres, to be sure, hardened the resistance of the French settlers and their political allies in Paris against any substantial change. The irreconcilables among them are still calling, not only for the head of Gilbert Grandval, French Rresident General, who is accused of favoring the nationalists and encouraging rebellion, but for all-out military repression of the Istiqlal and the whole nationalist movement. The extremists on the nationalist side are prepared to reject any settlement which does not include return of the deposed Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, to his throne and a firm promise of ultimate complete independence.

At the same time, however, events move toward a compromise. During the past week Premier Faure and several ministers meeting at Aix-Les-Bains with representatives of the French and native populations of Morocco were painfully hammering out terms that might be accepted by the Istiqlal leaders and yet not go far enough to invite overthrow of the Faure Cabinet by French reactionaries in and out of the government coalition. As the week began, the situation was precarious, but not hopeless as it had seemed a few days earlier.

By an irony all too common in politics, a peaceful solution, if reached, will almost certainly include the sacrifice of the man who devised and fought for it—M. Grandval. French rightists cynically blame him for the explosion of riots, raids, and killings that began on the anniversary of the former Sultan's deposition; whereas the courageous Resident General had been desperately pressing for a French offer which could be announced in time to prevent the very horrors which took place. Now, it seems, he must withdraw as a sop to those who ignored his warnings and wrecked his efforts. As a balance, the Arab leaders, while clamoring for the restoration of ben Youssef, will probably be appeased for the time being with his return to France from exile in Madagascar.

In addition to these preliminary *quids* and *quos*, the suggested settlement would include resignation of the French-imposed Sultan ben Moulay Arafa; creation of a "council of the throne" to act in the absence of a Sultan; establishment of a government representing the chief elements in Morocco, but almost certain to be dominated by the Istiqlal; and negotiation of drastic reforms and possibly revisions of the Treaty of 1912 which established the protectorate.

The New York *Times* correspondent in Rabat on Sunday listed several factors which stood in the way of a solution along such lines: [1] growing reluctance of ben Moulay Arafa to resign; [2] refusal of the Istiqlal to enter any government until ben Youssef actually returned to France; [3] the tendency of terrorist groups to break loose in defiance of party discipline. These factors, he believed, might produce new serious riots if the resignation of Resident General Grandval should be announced. An additional source of possible trouble is the known presence in Morocco of agents sent from Cairo to keep the nationalist pot boiling. Other reports indicate that they are particularly active in Spanish Morocco, where Franco's proconsuls give them shelter and encouragement—not out of love for Arab nationalism but further to damage the French position in North Africa.

BUT against these immediate obstacles, the more profound facts of the situation seem to weigh on the side of peace. As the *Times* correspondent also recalled, French rule in Morocco has depended on an order which was established by Marshal Lyautey, an order resting on the loyalty and authority of the powerful Berber tribes. This system had begun to crumble long before World War II, both as a result of French inroads into the native organs of authority—"tentacular" administration, the *Times* article called it—and modern economic development which enriched the country, and French interests there, but in the process produced nationalist opposition and an impoverished urban proletariat susceptible to incitements of almost any kind. By the end of the war the feudal system, as a stabilizing force usable by the French for purposes of administration and control, was done for. This was true not only in Morocco, but in Algiers and Tunisia and the Middle East as well. But while the French were pushed out of Syria and Lebanon with a minimum of bloodshed, their position in the North African dependencies is very different. French settlers number around 1,500,000, many of them being ordinary farmers—not great landholders, though there are plenty such too—with roots several generations deep. And the dominant civilization of French North Africa is Mediterranean rather than Arab. No comparable colonization took place in the French-controlled areas of the Levant, and consequently

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there was nowhere near as great an economic and emotional investment in the perpetuation of empire.

But the end of empire in Morocco is, none the less, in sight. Behind the rebellion is the massive anti-imperialist, anti-colonial sentiment of Asia. Every element represented at Bandung is today mobilized to force a settlement. If the United States is equivocal in its support of France, it is not merely because Washington learned a lesson at Dienbienphu or because it favors national independence as a general policy, though both are factors. But what the Administration wants and needs at this moment of emerging "cold peace" is to avoid alienating further the free Asian nations and particularly the much-courted Arab states.

Besides which, the changed order in Tunisia, almost next door, is a clear sign that Morocco cannot be forced to accept much longer its assignment to inferiority. Last Saturday the Bey, amid great popular enthusiasm, signed and sealed the new conventions with France granting Tunisia internal autonomy. The peaceful settlement there grew out of Premier Mendes-France's bold promise of home rule made in July 1954. It is significant that just the other day, M. Mendes-France, commenting on the Moroccan situation again said that France could not maintain its "presence" in North Africa by armed force alone, and that "the disorders . . . come from the miserable living conditions . . . there."

One is tempted to dwell on the better state of things that might exist in Morocco today if Mendes-France had retained the power which he lost largely because of his advanced policy in North Africa. But more important is for the French people to see to it that the same fate does not overtake the ministers now working for a decent agreement in Morocco; and for French politicians to recognize the truth the rejected Premier has again proclaimed. The old order, good or bad, has gone and the institutions based on it must go too, or else be drastically reformed. Otherwise North Africa will become the battlefield in a new and terrible colonial war which neither France nor its allies can afford. Underneath all the political pulling and conniving most responsible French leaders know this. And so in spite of still numerous obstacles and delays a settlement is likely to be reached—if only because the alternative is intolerable.

The Shape of Things

House of Cards

V. Lewis Bassie's comments on the stock market in the current issue of the *Illinois Business Review* merit more attention than they have received. A distinguished economist with an exceptionally wide and varied experience in government, Mr. Bassie's is a voice that should be heard above the noise and furor of the Great Boom. As he sees it there are numerous signs that the market may be topping out: divided yields have been declining steadily; the margin between stocks and high-

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grade bonds is low and that between common stocks and high-grade preferred stocks has been wiped out; the proportion of common stocks in new issues has been rising; and the credit situation is deteriorating.

True, these and other symptoms cited are not conclusive but according to Mr. Bassie, "The market has been able to get where it is only because of an atmosphere of all-embracing optimism. . . . The boom is supporting the market, and the market is supporting the boom. The upward spiral of booming business, high earnings, high stock prices, easy spending, and unrestrained optimism builds on itself round by round, though none of these elements can be depended upon to sustain itself very long. All together, it resembles a house of cards, cleverly balanced for the time being, but ready to fall apart when any portion fails to hold up." The economic situation is as unstable as the stock market; they are, indeed, "mutually supporting instabilities." The prevalent optimism stems in part from the facts of the boom but it also feeds on the rise in stock prices. "It is a typical state of mind at the end of a long prosperity. All the declines in those years of prosperity have been minor. Therefore, it seems that all future declines must be minor, too." *Business Week,* it might be noted, takes much the same view. In the past two months, the market "plainly has been ailing, . . . it lacks the basic strength to keep driving ahead—and a market that can't go up is more likely to go down."

A Case for Compassion

The Department of Justice has refused to sever the case of Mrs. Marion Bachrach from that of three other "second-string" Communist leaders charged with violating the Smith Act who are to be retried in New York sometime this month. Mrs. Bachrach became a victim of cancer during the original trial and her case was then severed from the others since her condition required major surgery which took the form of a colostomy. A court-appointed physician has reported that there is "no evidence of residual disability"; nevertheless a severance of her case in the coming trial would seem warranted on strictly humanitarian grounds. Mrs. Bachrach's affidavit and that of her physician describe a condition which, while it may not constitute "residual disability," involves extreme pain and inconvenience, and requires close care.

UNHOLY ALLIANCE

AFTRA and the Blacklist . . *by Jay Nelson Tuck*

A COUPLE of weeks ago a subcommittee of the House Committee on Un-American Activities came to New York on full safari. Equipped with a complete entourage of native bearers and beaters, the committee members ranged the primitive jungle of the entertainment industry, fired their elephant guns, and brought down a mouse.

The stated purpose of the committee's efforts was to explore the extent of Communist infiltration of the entertainment industry. A number of witnesses shouted that the committee's real aim was to attack the theater and television, a statement which demonstrated again a point that needs no demonstration—that actors by and large are political idiots. There wasn't a shred of evidence to indicate that the committee members had the faintest interest in the theater. It seemed patent that they'd have been just as happy investigating the plumbing industry if only it had promised an equally satisfactory harvest of headlines.

As far as the stated purpose was concerned, the committee's four days of hearings were a spectacular failure. A single "friendly" witness recounted a brief experience in the Communist Party and named a few names. Neither he nor any of twenty-two "unfriendly" witnesses reported any Communist attempts to influence the content or presentation of shows on the air or in the legitimate theater. If Joshua Shelley slipped any Red propaganda into "This Is Your F. B. I." or Stanley Prager subverted "The Jackie Gleason Show" there was no evidence of it at the hearings.

But it seems clear that the committee did accomplish one thing besides fattening the press books of its members: it gave renewed strength to the faltering hands of the blacklisters in broadcasting and it reinforced their allies who control AFTRA, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists.

Blacklisting in the broadcasting industry is not very old. It had its real beginning about five years ago with the publication of "Red Channels," and exploded into wide public notice with the Jean Muir case. "Red Channels" was a list of actors and other people in broadcasting, together with references to them by such bodies as the Un-American Activities Committee and favorable mentions in the *Daily Worker.*

A listing in "Red Channels" very soon proved to be an economic death sentence, at least as far as broadcasting was concerned. Pert Kelton, who preceded Audrey Meadows as the Alice Kramden of "The Jackie Gleason Show," has not worked since. Gertrude Berg kept "The Goldbergs" off the air a full year rather than put it on without Philip Loeb, but finally had to surrender.

It soon became clear that an actor

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need not be guilty of anything to be blacklisted; it was enough to be "controversial." Sponsors would explain apologetically that while *they* might not have anything against an individual, they were, after all, in business to sell corn flakes and could not afford to offend anyone who might be a customer for their crispy, crunchy goodness. And there were always at least a few people willing to let it be known that they were offended. As one director put it, three dirty postcards from a vacant lot were often enough.

The industry fell into utter disorganization. C. B. S., alone among the networks, set up a system of loyalty oaths for all its employees and designated a vice-president whose chief duty was said to be guarding the network's political purity. "Talent consultants" came into the business, selling reports on actors, directors, and writers for from five to seven dollars a name. Advertising agencies retained the consultants or hired them full time.

In the cases of some individuals blacklisting was complete and final, but in other cases there was only the craziest of patterns. Some actors could work in Hollywood, but not in New York; some on one network, but not another; some on show A but not on show B, though both were on the same network; some on one agency's programs, but not another's.

ON SOME programs the blacklist soon gave way to a "whitelist." It had become standard practice to check the political past of every actor before he was hired, and to simplify matters a casting director would be asked at the beginning of a season to submit a list of every one he might want to use. After whatever laundering was deemed necessary, the list was returned to him and thereafter special permission was required for him to hire anyone who was not on it. It was not surprising that the actors, in the hope of finding relief, turned to AFTRA.

New York AFTRA, the union's dominant local, set up a committee on the blacklist headed by Vinton Hayworth, who was then the local president and who has held a variety of local and national offices for many years. The months went by without visible positive action from the committee. Actors who took complaints to its members reported they had received unsympathetic treatment. What was more, actors who opposed Hayworth and his allies in AFTRA elections began to find themselves losing work, including actors who had never given a dollar to Russian War Relief. There were whispered

reports that on te day after the opposition ticket had been published certain directors received new lists of actors who might not be hired and that those lists were identical with the ticket.

Something very like a state of terror spread through the union. Actors who might have sought AFTRA office were afraid to do so. Many members have told me that they were afraid to speak at AFTRA meetings for fear that their names would be noted and their opportunities for work would diminish. Several have told me they were afraid even to attend meetings. To do so was to risk the temptation of speaking or the necessity of voting openly.

Were those fears justified? Consider Philip Pine, an established actor who had worked steadily for some years. Pine ran for AFTRA office in opposition to the administration. Last spring he told an AFTRA meeting what had happened to him. Suddenly, he said, he was no longer being hired. Jobs which he once would have gotten with ease were no longer available. Eventually, Pine told the meeting, he went to the F. B. I. to find out if they had any information which might conceivably have caused his blacklisting. (He recalled nothing in his record that might have been considered pro-Communist.) The F. B. I. told him they knew nothing about it. He went to broadcasters and to the publishers of "Red Channels." Nothing. Finally he said, he went to Hayworth. He said Hayworth showed him the opposition ticket bearing his name and suggested that was the reason for the blacklisting. Hayworth, who was present at the meeting as Pine spoke, arose and blandly explained that he had simply been trying to help the actor find "the source of his infection."

Meanwhile another force had entered the situation. This was an organization known as Aware, Inc., which was formed late in 1953 and took up where "Red Channels" had left off. Its stated purpose was to oppose and expose Communists in the entertainment world.

The president of Aware is Godfrey Schmidt, a professor of law at Fordham University and an associate member of AFTRA by virtue of having once had a radio discussion program. Vincent Hartnett, a professional "talent consultant" formerly associated with "Red Channels," is a director. The directorate of Aware also includes seven AFTRA members besides Schmidt, among them Hayworth and two others who hold AFTRA offices or board memberships.

Aware's activities were relatively quiet until last fall. At that time there was an election in New York AFTRA. After the voting had been concluded (and the administration ticket reelected), Aware published a bulletin listing sixteen members of the defeated slate and carrying allegedly pro-Communist references in the "Red Channels" manner. Some of those references appeared to be valid links to Communist-front groups; some were as tenuous as marriage to a man who had been linked to Communist fronts or praise from the *Daily Worker's* dramatic critic for a performance in an ordinary Broadway play. The bulletin also demanded an investigation by the House Un-American Activities Committee.

OPEN rebellion broke out in AFTRA. The small group which had continued to fight blacklisting from the beginning found wide new support. A resolution was drawn up to condemn Aware for interfering in the internal affairs of the union and for causing the blacklisting of actors. It also condemned the AFTRA members who were Aware directors, but

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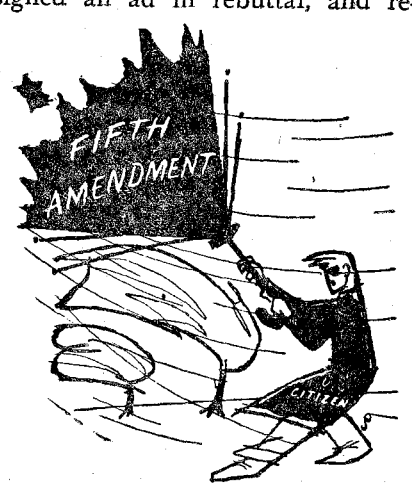
this clause had to be deleted under a ruling of the New York AFTRA board.

The resolution was fiercely debated at an AFTRA meeting last winter, but under the board's ruling it could not then be voted upon. It came to a vote at the following meeting in the spring and, to widespread surprise, passed by 197 to 149. Since the administration had a long record of victories in referenda, it put the question up for vote of the entire local by mail. Again the resolution passed, this time by 982 to 514, or almost 2 to 1.

At the same time, however, administration supporters won the elections for convention delegates and for the national executive board. And when the board met during the convention, it lit the fuse of a time-bomb.

A couple of weeks later members received by mail a ballot on a referendum proposition that any member who refused to tell a Congressional committee whether or not he was then or had ever been a Communist was subject to punishment by his local, including possible fine, suspension, or expulsion. Since AFTRA operates under a union-shop contract, expulsion would mean the member could never work again in broadcasting.

There had been no advance discussion of the proposal. The members had not known of it until they received the ballot. There was no opportunity whatever for opponents to make themselves heard. A small group of them hastily passed the hat and inserted a trade-paper advertisement, hoping to influence any members they could reach who had not yet returned their ballots. Frank Nelson, national AFTRA president, signed an ad in rebuttal, and reprints of it were mailed to the membership. Both the insertion and the mailing costs of that ad were paid for from the union treasury. Under the circumstances, it was small wonder that the proposal was approved by a vote of 4 to 1.



AFTRA had long barred Communists from office and from membership. Under the new ruling it is no longer necessary to be a Communist to be barred. It is now enough to assert a right guaranteed by the Constitution for an actor to risk losing his livelihood forever.

An interesting thing about the new ruling was its timing. The ballot itself referred to "reports" of a forthcoming investigation. It was mailed before the House Committee had publicly announced that it would hold the New York hearings. Deadline for return of ballots was August 8, exactly a week before the hearings opened.

Aware, it will be remembered, had called for just such an investigation. At the hearings themselves, anti-blacklist actors, who waited hours on line to get into the small and crowded courtroom, said Aware sympathizers arrived at any hour and got in on passes. On a television program after the hearings, Schmidt was introduced as the president of the organization "which played such a prominent part in the recent investigation," and did not challenge the introduction. Outsiders may perhaps be forgiven for wanting to know more precisely just what part it did play.

WHAT of the blacklist all this while? For a brief time after the membership of New York AFTRA began to fight back there had been some encouraging signs. There had been cases of an occasional actor coming back, as Judy Holliday had done when N. B. C.'s Fred Coe broke the barrier by giving her a part on "Television Playhouse" a year and a half ago. For a while last spring some people believed the situation was easing. Here and there an actor would appear after a long absence. It may not have been a trend, but it did seem to be an improvement, if a barely perceptible one, and there was hope for more.

Today the blacklisters are certainly stronger. Whether or not AFTRA will choose to expel the members who refused to answer the

Representative Walter

House Committee's questions remains to be seen. In the long run it is highly doubtful that it could make expulsion stick. Lawyers to whom I have talked believe the AFTRA rule to be illegal, but upsetting it in the courts will take time and money which may not be readily available to unemployed actors.

Whether or not the union acts against these members, their careers in broadcasting are surely over. It is safe to say that sponsors and networks will refuse to hire them now. Moreover, their usefulness in open union politics is also at an end. Among their ranks are some who have been active leaders in the fight against the blacklist within AFTRA but from here on in they would be handicaps to a cause, rather than of help to it. Whatever their political affiliations may be or may have been, however noble or ignoble their motives in refusing to answer the well-known question, they have been destroyed.

The completeness of that destruction can only be a source of great encouragement to Aware and its allies; it is also sure to discourage and intimidate some of blacklisting's opponents. Whatever hope there is for improvement must lie with the great middle group. The big majority in AFTRA and outside it in the broadcasting industry are not witchhunters nor are they pro-Communists. Informed and aroused they and they alone could restore to broadcasting some reasonable measure of sanity and human decency.

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DRAGON'S TEETH IN KOREA

Rhee Dreams of War . . *by O. Edmund Clubb*

PRESIDENT Syngman Rhee's recent private war against the Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission did not achieve its immediate objective—the August 13 deadline passed, and the Czech and Polish members of the commission remain in South Korea. American troops suffered an assortment of bruises and indignities, but none was killed. It still remains to be seen whether by his latest tactics Rhee has furthered his real aim—war.

Syngman Rhee's martial alarums and excursions are hardly news; even the attack on the Supervisory Commission lacked the virtue of novelty. More than a year ago—July 30, 1954—Lt. General Won Yong Duk, Provost General of the Republic of Korea (ROK) Army, warned the Czech and Polish members of the commission to leave Korea "immediately" or suffer the "inevitable consequences." On March 19 of this year, the ROK Foreign Minister asked the United States to give Seoul a free hand in ousting the Communist members. It was only another move in a long campaign when the ROK Chiefs of Staff on July 26, the eve of the second anniversary of the Korean truce, threatened independent action unless the United States and the United Nations immediately got the Czechs and Poles out of the country.

The political "build-up" followed rapidly. Midnight of August 13 was fixed as the deadline date for the Czech-Pole departure. On August 2 Seoul demanded Communist withdrawal from the area south of the 38th Parallel allocated to North Korea under the truce agreement of July 27, 1953. (South Korea has a much larger area north of the line than North Korea has on the south.) On August 9, the chairman of the ROK Joint Chiefs of Staff and the army Chief of Staff called upon the United States "to recognize that the truce has ended and to resume the fighting for our unification before we are left alone." The so-called "popular" demonstrations reached their peak with the stoning of American forces guarding the Supervisory Commission. It was just two hours before midnight of August 13 that Rhee announced a postponement of the deadline "for a few days more."

Taking General Won's 1954 argument as typical, the South Korean position is that "the movements of those [Czech and Polish] members under the guise of the commission are very undesirable for military reasons and eventually would endanger the security of our country." Rhee's primary concern is obviously not with the Czechs and Poles per se. They are mere symbols of a situation to which he objects fundamentally, forcefully, and consistently. When the U. N. Command in October 1950 decided to cross the 38th Parallel to achieve the unification of Korea by force of arms, it sowed a crop of dragon's teeth that are now sprouting to harass American policy in northeast Asia. Rhee was then given a glimpse of the Promised Land—all Korea, under his rule. So he bitterly opposed the truce in the first instance, believing that his ambition could be achieved only by military means, and he has since steadily maneuvered to cause the United States to resume the war.

Rhee was bound by the truce and related agreements to keep the peace but he has levied heavy tribute. He accepted the truce only after being promised a mutual-defense pact with the United States and after wide agreement regarding "collaboration along political, economic, and defense lines"—in the words of the Rhee-Robertson communique of July 12, 1955. The United States promised him a billion-dollar rehabilitation program, $200,000,000 available at once. American aid to the little country in fiscal year 1955 totalled $700,000,000—$250,000,000 for the ROK economy and $450,000,000 for the military program. Earmarked for South Korea in 1956 is $628,000,000 more. The U. N. to date has allocated $120,000,000 (65 per cent of it American money) to ROK economic rehabilitation. South Korea enjoys the biggest individual aid program in the world today. And always the Seoul government demands more.

The American effort in the military area has been costly but effective. Article 13(d) of the armistice agreement provided that the two sides should "cease the introduction into Korea of reinforcing combat aircraft, armored vehicles, weapons, and ammunition," except on a piece-for-piece replacement basis. President Rhee complains often—and no doubt correctly—that the North Korean army is being substantially strengthened; he warns darkly that South Korea is in deadly peril. As for the ROK forces, the New York *Times* of June 10 reported that since the armistice the United States had contributed $720,000,000 in military aid to South Korea. "For its part, the Republic of Korea has raised an army of 661,000 well-trained, well-armed [men] . . . a small air force that will soon be armed with jet fighters, and a navy of 13,000 men and forty ships that is taking over from United Nations' naval forces the task of patrolling Korea's long coastline." On June 20, it was reported that the United States had delivered to the ROK air force its first jet planes—Sabrejets—and that by an agreement signed the same day South Korea would receive at least three squadrons of American fighters in the coming year. The North Korean army may be a menace, but the ROK army is rated as the fourth largest in the world.

South Korea is in reality a minnow among leviathans. It has a population of about 19,000,000, as compared with Japan's 88,000,000, the

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U. S. S. R.'s 200,000,000, and China's 600,000,000. It cannot in practical terms justify the maintenance of an army of 661,000 men. Rhee's army and his policies are geared to a war that failed to come off. Short of a war in partnership with the United States which would, by hypothesis, leave a Greater Korea dominant among the smoking ruins of China, Russia, and Japan, Rhee's regime has no great future.

The United States cannot choose South Korea in preference to Japan and India, both regarded with implacable hostility by Syngman Rhee; it cannot abandon its coalition with the British Commonwealth and France to take up Seoul's torch of "liberation."

On August 15, after Peking had already condemned the demonstrations against the Supervisory Commission, both the Chinese and North Korean premiers addressed themselves to the overall Korean problem. Chou En-lai called for an international conference to seek a "peaceful solution," and Kim Il Sung urged that one conference be held between the North and South Korean governments while another, with "broad participation of Asian countries," should "seek the peaceful unification of Korea."

THE SEOUL government immediately manifested serious apprehensions. ROK government spokesman Dr. Hongkee Karl said that "Any discussion with [the] puppet regime in North Korea is out of question until the Chinese Reds have withdrawn from this country." Syngman Rhee on August 15 hit at people who ask "not how to deal with Communist aggression but how to preserve peace." He proposed that the free world abandon its drift toward new relations with the Communist bloc and "immediately" roll the Iron Curtain back from the areas overrun by communism, and—to make certain that there be no misunderstanding—he demanded that the Chinese withdraw from North Korea and the North Korean army be disbanded.

Secretary of State Dulles, in his news conference of August 16, disregarded Seoul's bellicosity but "noted with interest" that the North Korean and Chinese premiers had apparently taken up the idea that unification of Korea should be sought only by peaceful means. He

added that there seemed as yet no indication that those leaders were prepared "to do the one thing which seems necessary to unite Korea peacefully: that is, to have a nation-wide election which would be supervised by the United Nations. . . . That is a very simple thing that they could say. Then the unification of Korea could, I think, rather readily be brought about."

Mr. Dulles expressed doubt that the Supervisory Commission as at present constituted serves "any useful purpose" in North or South Korea, and reported that there had been recent discussions with the Swiss and Swedes "and also with the other sixteen members of the United Nations Command who are interested in the topic." The indications are that when the U. N. General Assembly opens its September session, Washington, heedful of Seoul's desires, will make an issue of North Korean truce violations, point to the alleged ineffectiveness of the Supervisory Commission, and call for its reconstitution or abolition.

But it is possible that the Communists plan further moves of their own. Pyongyang, Peking, and Moscow are surely not unmindful that the 1954 Geneva talks broke down on the issue of U. N. supervision of elections in Korea. The North Korean position at Geneva was that new elections should be held throughout the country under supervision of a neutral commission; it objected to U. N. supervision. Seoul's position was more radical: it proposed the holding of free elections, under U. N. supervision, *in North Korea only*, to fill 100 seats reputedly waiting for North Korean representation in the ROK Assembly. Only the United States supported this position at the conference. In the end the conference deadlocked on the ambiguous proposition that "genuinely free elections should be held under United Nations supervision." The phrase "United Nations supervision" was enough to stop the North Koreans. The "nation-wide election . . . supervised by the United Nations" now stipulated by Dulles takes in territory where Rhee has not heretofore permitted challenge to his mandate.

Seoul's own recent maneuver poses basic questions. If the Supervisory Commission were to depart, who would then be responsible for preserving the peace? Would our U. N. allies (not to mention the North Koreans and Chinese) be willing to have their responsibility delegated to the U. N. Command (in effect, to the United States) without their own participation in decision-making? Would the U. N.'s treasured peace be exposed at last to the dictate of Syngman Rhee, with his warlike aims and incessant saber-rattling? Any proposal to abolish the Supervisory Commission, which at this moment has a counterpart at work in Indo-China, would not go unchallenged by Asian and Arab states if that move threatened to enhance the danger of war. Agreed reorganization is one thing; "unilateral measures to terminate an international contract" as demanded by Rhee, would be quite another.

IT IS quite possible that, when the U. N. Assembly meets this month, some Asian proposition in the spirit of the Bandung conference will be introduced to counter Rhee's moves toward war. Also, the Communist attitude toward the U. N. has changed radically in the past year. Instead of stressing the former theme that the U. N. acted in Korea as a "belligerent," the Communist states will now support the bid of additional Asian states for U. N. membership. And here history is suggestive: Chou En-lai in March 1953 shifted a previous Communist position, thereby making possible a resumption of truce negotiations; and in January 1954, after a breakdown at Panmunjom in December, the Communists made the move that revived negotiations for the Korean political conference.

It must be considered possible, then, that a new Communist con-

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cession lies ready behind their present *demarche*. The Communists are in no especial hurry in Korea, but perhaps they now consider the situation in Asia to have shifted in their favor. If their present move turns out to be a gambit to introduce their acceptance of U. N.-supervised elections for all Korea, or if they were to counter an American proposal to dump the Supervisory Commission overboard with a plan to give the commission a more Asian complexion, the United States might once more find itself in an awkward position in Asia. For all the sweetness and light that have entered into world relations since April of this year, the Communists remain quite ready to trip up the United States—especially in northeast Asia. President Syngman Rhee, by continuing to beat his war-drums, is giving them a valuable assist.

THOMAS MANN RODE FORTH

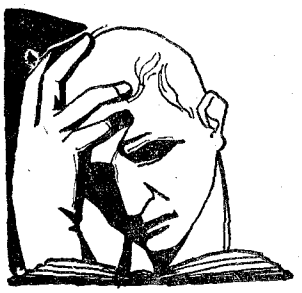
The Cost of Greatness . . . *by Lion Feuchtwanger*

IN THE first year of this century Thomas Mann sprang into German literature, completely matured, as Minerva did from the brow of Jupiter. At the age of twenty-two he had started on his great novel, "Buddenbrooks"; at twenty-five he published it.

There is scarcely a book among the early works of any great writer that shows so much maturity and detachment. The gift of observation is astounding, and the mastery of the artistic medium is of a perfection usually attained only after decades. The basic attitude of the book, too, is rather that of an older man. It describes the decline of a family; the older generation is still sturdy and stands unequivocally by tested principles. The younger generation is weak and unstable, poetically inclined, meditative, and susceptible to intellectual and artistic influences. Viewed as a whole, "Buddenbrooks" is a parable of vast dimensions illustrating the wisdom of Goethe's words: "He who acts is always without conscience; conscience is only for the contemplative spirit."

To contemplate and to meditate is better than to act: this was Thomas Mann's *weltanschauung*, and he voiced his skepticism of the uncompromising man of action. He still held this principle in "The Magic Mountain." In his essay on Schopenhauer he gave it theoretical form.

Gradually, however, after Germany's defeat in World War I and during the years of the Weimar Republic, Mann's attitude changed. Most men are radicals when young, and turn conservative with age. With Thomas Mann, the more he experienced, the younger he became, and as his age increased, so did his



desire for action. He, of all people, would have had the right to point to his previous political credo and to withdraw from the confusion of the time into the ivory tower of his art and his contemplation. This he did not do. He rejected the practical but unprincipled attitude which would have assured him a quiet life and a rich harvest. He stepped out of his ivory tower. And, whereas the world of the youthful Thomas Mann was the idyllic, patrician Luebeck of the nineteenth century, he now selected as the setting for his last major work, "Doctor Faustus," the inferno that was Europe of World War II, and analyzed in an audacious and sometimes reckless manner all the events of his time.

He did not confine himself to the medium of his own art to express what he had to say. The aging Thomas Mann strode out into the market places and spoke up. He fought actively for his heretical opinions: with lectures, with challenging pronouncements, with the electrifying effect of his personal participation.

It cost him many an inner struggle to decide upon this course of action. He had always been preoccupied with the problem of the writer and his attitude toward everyday politics. For a long time he even nursed the idea of writing a novel about Erasmus of Rotterdam, the great scholar of the Reformation, who all his life had anxiously avoided taking an unequivocal stand either for the Pope or for Luther.

Thomas Mann had grown up in the *l'art pour art* philosophy of the late nineteenth century. He had been spoiled at an early age by world-wide fame and was not impervious to criticism. In America after World War II anyone who expressed unpopular political opinions had to expect violent abuse. But Mann, like his friend Albert Einstein, considered it his duty to speak up clearly whenever his world, our world—the free world of thought and imagination—appeared to be threatened. He spoke for peace and humanity. With a smile he would quote the words that Albrecht Duerer had called out to Erasmus: "Ride forth, Erasmus. You are a decrepit old man. I know you, because I painted you. For God's sake, ride forth!"

Thomas Mann rode forth and he had to pay the price. It is true that many people in America appreciated his stand. The young intellectuals looked up to him, and leading universities showered him with honors. But the demagogues mounted "smear attacks" against him, and his

LION FEUCHTWANGER, famous novelist and, like Thomas Mann, an exile from Hitler's Germany, now lives in California.

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"creative mood was oppressed by the political atmosphere of the country." He loved California, its people, and the house he had built there, and he knew how good California's climate was for his health. But the sensitive artist could not bear the political climate of the McCarthy years. He fled to Europe to resume his productive work. He frequently wrote me how much he missed California's climate.

In Europe he was revered as an elder statesman. Peoples and governments regarded him as the ambassador of literature. He assumed this role with a degree of reluctance; one might say it was imposed upon him by people, by events, by his own conscience. He, who was first and foremost an artist, came to recognize as he grew older what his brother Heinrich had proclaimed decades earlier: human relationships are drenched with politics, and the writer cannot depict a truthful picture of the world if he ignores the troubled waters of politics.

Vicky in The New Statesman and Nation (London)

The Other Germans

IT IS astounding—and, for the friends of Thomas Mann, a source of happiness—that in aging not only his awareness but also his creative power continued to grow. The Thomas Mann of exile and eventual return was more productive than the earlier Thomas Mann in his homeland. During these last twenty years, apart from numerous works, he wrote the playfully serene legend of the holy sinner Gregorius, and the cheerfully meditative picaresque novel about Krull, the confidence man. Above all, however, he created the four great "Joseph" novels and the epic parable, "Doctor Faustus."

The creative change in Thomas Mann occurred at a time when, after a long life of stability, he was thrown into the turbulence of exile. Two qualities then appeared that made him stronger and greater, even though he had been uprooted: one, his poetic excitement over any change—even toward evil; and, two, his inner consistency at every stage of the change.

One is astonished to see how much even the first of the great works written in exile, the monumental tetralogy of "Joseph," resembles the early "Buddenbrooks," and ye how different it is. The tone of the four "Joseph" novels and of "The Buddenbrooks" is the same: gentle, mildly ironic, tenderly balanced. But just as Joseph in Egypt is different from Joseph in the desert, and yet remains the same—just as he enriched his knowledge, absorbing it without changing himself—Thomas Mann's diction in exile became vaster, more ramified, and more subtly expressive. In spite of its wealth of imagery, the language of "Buddenbrooks" would assuredly have been inadequate to transpose the Bible story into Thomas Mann's narrative, which in all its simplicity can be read on many levels, illuminating all recesses of the human soul. The vocabulary of "Joseph" is vastly richer than that of the earlier masterpiece. The constant contact with a foreign language has influenced the writer's diction, but the tone in which these events are presented—the final inner reserves with which this immense material has been mastered—has remained the same.

From behind the features of Joseph, as from behind those of Consul Buddenbrook and Hans Castorp, appears the face of the writer himself. He presents himself, both inwardly and outwardly, with compelling honesty and charm through the medium of his characters. He presents himself with his great gifts, his happiness, and his amiable weaknesses, on which to some extent he prides himself. To allow one's own ego to flow so spontaneously into an imaginary character—this could be done only by someone who had to assimilate ever-new faces and happenings in a foreign environment, a man who by the "cruel grace of destiny" was constantly forced to regard himself in the strange and gigantic mirror of an unfamiliar world.

One of the wonderful things about Mann at the age of seventy-six was that he was able to elaborate on his "Krull" in a manner that was fresher, younger, and more meaningful than the original work.

WE have heard admiring—and, on the other hand, sometimes carping—comparisons between the diction of Thomas Mann and the aging Goethe. Needless to say, there are superficial similarities. The perplexing fact, however, is that the style of the young Thomas Mann is far more closely related to the older Goethe than it is to the language of the older Thomas Mann. The lan-

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guage of the "Joseph" tetralogy shows far more originality than any of Mann's earlier works, and the verbal artistry of "Doctor Faustus" belongs to Thomas Mann alone.

The writing of this novel is the ultimate in subtlety. Thomas Mann uses different styles, carefully justified both inwardly and outwardly, spreading shadow and light over the events—a creative twilight. Writing a prose subtler than that of any other German, he makes events and human beings real and surreal by the very sound of his words. Thomas Mann's ability to make one hear the unique and nonexistent music of his hero is a triumph of creative writing. Provocative discussions of musical theory, brilliant use of Duerer's Apocalypse, poetical description of the sounds themselves as well as of their effect—all this makes the reader feel and hear the fictitious oratorio as if he were sitting in the concert hall.

THOMAS MANN, the man and the poet, had a rich, fulfilled, and happy life. After his return he was permitted to see that the two hostile German camps were unanimous in their understanding and praise of his work, recognizing him as the *praeceptor Germaniae*.

The last thing he wrote—the beautiful inner-depth-ring of his Schiller speech—was the crowning of his life's work. West Germany, where Schiller was born, had called on him to celebrate the poet's anniversary. The East, where Schiller had lived, did the same. Thomas Mann, the octogenarian, responded to both calls. It was his last privilege: to do something for the unification of Germany, in the name of the great liberal poet, Schiller.

SOVIET PLAYWRIGHTS

A Burst of Candor . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

AMONG Soviet playwrights the handsome Alexander Korneichuk holds an exceptional place. His latest play, "The Wings," which has been playing in hundreds of Soviet theaters during the last few months and which was attended, at its first performance at the Maly Theater, by the major leaders of party and government, is certainly a landmark in the recent evolution of the Soviet Union. Korneichuk is no great writer but he has a keen feel for "topicality," a gift of lively dialogue, and a nice—typically Ukrainian—sense of humor. What is still more important, he has his moments of "non-conformism." And this is what makes the case of Korneichuk exceptionally interesting, for the Soviet leaders have, time and again, made use of him for legitimizing, as it were, a variety of "dangerous thoughts," and for starting public discussions on subjects until then considered taboo.

The most famous case was that of the Korneichuk wartime play, "The Front." Suddenly, in September 1942, just before the battle of Stalingrad, and while the whole of Russia was anxiously watching the German armies penetrating deeper and deeper into the Caucasus and toward the Lower Volga and the Caspian, *Pravda* proceeded to publish, day after day, the complete text (this had never happened before) of a play by Korneichuk called "The Front." Shortly afterwards, in hundreds of theaters, including the Moscow Art Theater with the great Moskvin in the principal role, Korneichuk's drama was presented to the public.

The play depicted the conflict between two types of Russian generals—General Gorlov, the old "war horse," a hero of the Civil War of 1918-19, speaking of the Russian soldier's bravery as the supreme guarantee of final victory but understanding practically nothing about modern warfare, and young General Ognyov, a highly skilled modern soldier, unwilling to undertake any military operation without having first employed careful reconnaissance to find out all about the enemy's strategy, equipment, and effectives. It was said in Moscow at the time that the theme of the play had been suggested to Korneichuk by Stalin himself, and that Gorlov (depicted without much malice) was intended as a caricature of Timoshenko, Budyenny, and Voroshilov, who had all done badly in the campaign of 1941 and might be partly responsible for the latest setbacks. General Ognyov represented the "new" type of Soviet General—the future victors of Stalingrad—Zhukov, Vassilevsky, Rokossovsky, and so forth.

Now again Korneichuk has been allowed to exercise his *enfant terrible* qualities in "The Wings." Unlike "The Front," the chief conflict in the new work is commonplace and has been the subject of dozens of other plays and novels in recent years. "The Wings" presents the clash between Dremluga, head of the Regional Executive Committee, a lazy and incapable bureaucrat under whose management the agriculture of the area goes to pieces, and the energetic, capable new regional party chief, Romodan, whose technical skill and administrative ability triumph in the end over the obsolete methods, or lack of method, of Dremluga. (Dremluga, by the way, is also an important personage in the Communist regime, a member of the Ukrainian Central Committee.)

Some of the dialogue between the vague, happy-go-lucky Dremluga and the precise and methodical Romodan in "The Wings":

> ROMODAN: War, war. You keep talking about the consequences of war, as if they were responsible for all the mess around. Hadn't you

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better tell me how many cows died of hunger in the last year?
DREMLUGA: About 4,500.
ROMODAN: Don't say "about." Give me the exact figures.
DREMLUGA (calling his assistant): Philip! Philip, you've got a good memory for figures. Tell us how many cows died of hunger in the last year.
PHILIP: 5,410 cows, 6,520 pigs, as for sheep . . .
DREMLUGA: That'll do, Philip. I only asked you about the cows . . .

Like General Gorlov in the wartime play, Dremluga, the big party chief, is surrounded by boot-lickers who never dare contradict him. But this part of Korneichuk's new play is the least interesting, if only because the much vaunted agricultural reforms, which are loudly praised by Romodan, already belong to the "Malenkov era" and have proved inadequate.

The chief interest of the play is not in the main theme, but in some of the secondary dialogues. These contain wisecracks of a sort inconceivable in any Soviet play two years ago. For instance, the fun Korneichuk makes of the Marxist mumbo-jumbo of officially sponsored lectures; and, more important still, the bitter comments on the manner in which the police system under the Stalin regime has poisoned so many personal relations. Here, to illustrate the first point, is a conversation between Romodan, the go-ahead modern leader, and Ovcharenko, the third secretary of the regional party committee, who prefers to keep "on the safe side."

ROMODAN: Why are the cows yielding so little milk?
OVCHARENKO: As regards the sterility of cows, it must be observed that, according to Pavlov, our great Soviet scientist . . . .
ROMODAN: Yes, that's fine. We all know that Pavlov was a great scientist and all that; but believe me, dear comrade, it is really no use crawling on your belly in front of Pavlov whenever a cow is mentioned. Also if, on every slightest occasion, you bang your head against the floor out of respect for Pavlov, you'll end by cracking your skull. It would be much wiser to call together the women working on the dairy farm, and ask for some information . . . .

Then, in the third act, there is a lecture given by the same Ovcharenko to the staff of the machine-tractor station.

OVCHARENKO: Under communism there will be a distribution of labor. In his standard work, "The Fundamental Characteristics of Communism," Comrade Nudnik [the name means something like "crashing bore"] has made a profound analysis of the principles discovered by that clear-sighted genius, the creator of Marxism, Karl Marx. (He reads) "Under communism, man will not suffer from the warts of capitalism . . ."
AN OLD WOMAN: Warts? What causes warts, did you say?
OVCHARENKO: You will ask your questions later . . . . Under communism, we shall be rid of all of the vices of the past—jealousy, envy, avarice, profit. There will be no trade based on money. There will be no state. There will be no armies. There will be no more . . .
KOROVAI (a peasant): Comrade lecturer, excuse me for interrupting you; but what will there be under communism?
OVCHARENKO: I don't understand the point of your question.
KOROVAI: What about work days?
THE OLD WOMAN: That's right. And how much will they pay?
OVHARENKO: There will be no work days under communism.
KOROVAI: But what will there be?
OVCHARENKO: There will be a special form for satisfying the needs of the population.
KOROVAI: But this special form, will it be paid in kilos or in money?
A YOUNG TRACTOR DRIVER: Will there be plenty of suits of navy-blue cheviot under communism?
A PEASANT WOMAN: And what will you do with the drunks?
A VOICE: They'll be getting free vodka.

Still more surprising are the passages in the play denouncing the police terror of the past. The question is directly related to the principal character in the play, Romodan. In the area to which he has been appointed as party secretary, he meets his former wife, a woman doctor, and his 18-year-old daughter. He had abandoned his wife when she was arrested by the police just after the war for having allegedly collaborated with the Germans. In reality, she was completely innocent and was, indeed, released in six months, after her friends had intervened on her behalf on many occasions. Nevertheless, Romodan found the whole business highly awkward for himself, and he did not return to his wife. Here then is the crucial dialogue between him and his newly rediscovered wife:

ANNA: Yes, I was in prison for six months. You knew it. After that I was released. Why talk about it? It's all over. . . . Truth triumphed in the end. Even the man who threatened me with a concentration camp, the regional chief of the MVD, is now in jail. The day after the arrest of Beria, they arrested him and, I am told, took him by plane all the way to Moscow.
ROMODAN: Yes, he belonged to the same gang.
ANNA: Need we talk about it at all? When you returned from the front, and when the head of the MVD showed you the anonymous letters denouncing me as a German collaborator, you did not intervene. You merely asked them to "make quite sure" and then you went off to Kiev. . . . Fortunately, there were some other people who weren't afraid, and they intervened in my behalf. They found masses of people whom I had saved from deportation. The Germans compelled me to work not only at the hospital, but also at the labor exchange . . . .
ROMODAN: Yes, I know. For my own part, I went and humiliated myself before the Secretary of the Central Committee. I wept. In my presence he phoned up the gangster . . . .
ANNA: And what did that one say?
ROMODAN: He said it was a very confused case, and would require a lengthy inquiry. . . . Anna, I suffered a great deal. My faith in you had been shaken. Those were hard times. Not that that is an excuse for me. . . . But just think for how much evil, for how much suffering, for how many tears that gang was responsible. But they put sticking-plaster on our eyes. And we firmly believed every word they said.
ANNA: Yes, they hurt—hurt the big, and hurt the small. Let's thank the Central Committee with all our hearts. . . . Never, never shall this nightmare come back.
ROMODAN: No, never.

Needless to say, there follows the "happy ending": Anna forgives Romodan, and Lydia, the daughter, "recognizes" her father, having refused to have anything to do with him after he had deserted her mother through the fault of the "gangsters." A play like this is a good sign, to say the least.

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TOWARD A NEW RADICALISM

The Will to Change . . *by Waldo Frank*

The Nation of June 19, 1954, carried an article by Waldo Frank on The Anti-Communist Peril which aroused as much interest and discussion among our readers as any article of the last few years. Many readers wrote to us, and to Mr. Frank, urging that he write a sequel in which he would describe the attitudes that should shape and underline modern-day politics. Toward a New Radicalism is the result. In a later issue, David Thomson, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, England, under the title Is Democracy Scientific? will consider another set of basic political attitudes.

THE physical threat to our world we are not likely to ignore. Frailty, fear, and pride, fermenting to the angers of Russia, America, and China, might suddenly rise to a heat beyond endurance—and the bombs burst. Our physical peril is even more immense, for no one knows what mutants the radiation in the air might bring into the exquisite genetic harmonies of man. But we live in subtler perils; and in order not to see them we stare at the obvious with hysterical relief, arguing about "fall-out" and the evacuation of cities. Preparedness for a war too dread to be started by either side may deter war—although history makes this doubtful. Let us grant it: let us say there will be no all-out war. We live already in an obsession of preparedness for war which is a state of siege, a shut magnetic field to which every resource, economic, intellectual, moral, and aesthetic, must conform or vanish. By melodramatizing this condition and dating it "1984" we blind ourselves to its immediate presence.

Scholars are puzzled by the swift decay, from within, of the Maya culture; one cause is thought to have been the need of this profound and peaceful nation, blooming in the jungle, to defend itself against warlike neighbors. In militarization, long before actual assault, the values, the personality, of the Maya may have atrophied and died. The militarization of the United States has become a permanent trend. But if the American qualities we have most treasured are symbolized by such heroes as Jefferson and Lincoln, Thoreau and Whitman, it becomes clear that a basic change had begun within us long before a genocidal weapon and a rival made us afraid.

The thermonuclear bomb did not "just happen"; world communism did not "just happen." Our Western civilization collaborated to produce them, as it produced the science and the machine which created the new nature in which we live—a nature which is our *will* objectified, and which threatens by subtler means than bombs to overwhelm us. Therefore what we fear, and feel the desperate need of defending ourselves from, is a complex result of drives within us. But if this is true, the *enemy* is within us; and any military or political method which ignores this premise cannot possibly bring the right conclusion.

OUR cities are not yet rubble; we can still parley with the Russians and Chinese. But what of our capacity to *identify our inward peril?* We observe already the decay in the American people of that metaphysical impulse "to know" which Aristotle found to be the essential human trait; the reign of mediocrity in every realm from politics to education; the regimentation of ethic and opinion without need of the police; the prostitution of our folk arts, less to commercialism than to license and the anesthesias of self-indulgence; the shrinkage of the experience, even of the concept, of the self to fractional, functional figments—"economic man," "societal man," "ego-id man," and the like. Since man is still man, this alienation unconsciously frustrates him. Impotence spurs the destructive, inspires the masked masochist, the less well-hidden sadist. We are appalled by the rise of hoodlumism and juvenile delinquency, by the cult of horror "comics"; but we do not see their relation to a foreign policy based on "foreign devils" and to an ethic of exhortation that runs counter to our way of life.

Politics is always a fruit of the condition of the people, registered no less sensitively in its psychology than in its economics. To be creative, politics must move by insights which, as Plato knew, are closer to the folk's "music"—he meant religion—than to its laws. Obviously, if our politics has become the indulger, the abettor, the apologist, of the shrinkage of the American spirit, it cannot save us. Obviously, the politics we need is one that will know the causes of our perilous ebb.

A World That Is Dying

THE first fact for it to know is that the world in which we were all born is dying. Dying in its ancient Eastern phases over which the Vedantists and Buddha, Confucius and Lao Tzu presided. Dying in its modern Western phase of individualist faith and will. The Communists know this, and it is a source of their strength—although much of their values and methods belongs to the world they condemn. But American statesmen spend their energies and voices, saving their minds, to deny it. A world dies because it has begun to live in values—*values produced by it*—which demand a much different structure. "The barbarian invasions," writes R. H. Barrow in "The Romans," "were neither catastrophic and sudden nor destructive and disruptive. Rome never fell; she turned into something else. . . ."—something integrally related, despite Spengler and Arnold Toynbee, his Sunday-school revisionist, to what Rome had been.

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You will find the sources of the attitudes which led to the atom bomb, to the nation as arbiter and regimented defender of truth, in the theological battles of the Council of Nicaea (*A. D.* 325). You will find there also the seeds of human freedom which were to move men, centuries later, to master the external world through science and to propose democratic liberty on earth. What you will not find in the age of the Council of Nicaea is a world where the machine could be actualized, a world where the conditions existed for transporting democracy to earth from heaven. Wherefore, the world of Nicaea, having flourished and borne fruit, *because of its fruit* needed to disappear.

THE process of machine production, under any creed or system, creates collectivism. Who will control the collectivism? How can the control be brought to gear with the freedom of groups, with the fulness of man? These, not the vain beating back of the tide, are the kinds of questions for which we must find political answers. Not our two parties, nor the First or the Second or the Third or the Fourth International, dreamed of asking them. Obviously, the answers cannot be valid, the questions cannot even be put, unless our political methods are formed by inquiries into man's nature, his emotional and intellectual nutrition, into the character of the world's majority hemisphere, and so on. These are subjects transcending American politics? Subjects for psychology, esthetics, history, religion? They must *subsume* our politics if politics means action and if we are to act against our clear and present danger.

If this claim scares us we have another sign of our shrinkage. For every political system in history has been based squarely upon the world view of a religion. Consider, as one example, our own state. Its premise of the democratic faith, voiced in the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, derives, indirectly, from the religion of Christ and the Hebrew prophets, from their concept of man, of his worth, of his responsibility to his brothers and his relation with God; above all, from their concept of *self* as potentially more than ego. From the standpoint of the practical citizen, the precepts of Jesus and Isaiah are "impossible." Yet this "impossibilism" energized and illumined the rise of the European cities, Magna Charta, the Federalist and Jeffersonian parties. (Of course there are other factors which had bearing on this complex process—notably, the science and economics of the epoch.) Christian doctrine, interpreted in Greek terms, also inspired the politics of feudalism, with its Aristotelian premise that some men by nature are slaves and with its neo-Platonic thesis that freedom could be achieved only in "heaven" and by denial of the earth. This merely stresses the one point I make here, which is that the vital power of politics, "good" or "bad," issues from insights and evaluations within the province of religious psychology and philosophy. In the case of a democratic doctrine these insights seem "impossible" against the background of conditions which the politics aims to alter; this "impossibilism" demands of its protagonists, today as yesterday, the passionate devotion we ascribe to saints and heroes.

NOW, a crucial distinction. The personal ethic of Jesus (or of Buddha), the social ethic of the Prophets (or of Solon), were "impossible" from the standpoint of "the old Adam"; but they were consonant with the cosmology, the philosophy, the social economy, and the anguish of their times. The current myths sustained them; the current needs cried out for them. They were impossible only in the sense of an infinite limit to a strict mathematical series. But new myths have superseded—the kind physicists compose into equations to measure galaxies and atoms. They have created a new chaos whose powers will destroy man unless he learns to make them serve him. Thus far they serve, not his self, but the lusts and fears of his ego.

In all earlier ages man possessed empirical technics safe in the hands of the child he was. His only technics for spiritual maturity were esoteric, not for the masses; but since his empirical technics were childlike he was safe. The situation has changed. We are still children, but in our infant hands are mature weapons—with no wisdom, shaped to our present circumstance, to teach us how to use them. We require for our crisis a set of "impossibles," harmonious with and responsive to our condition. Thus our public action, to have us, must be nourished by deep insights apposite and timely in form, and we cannot hope to find them directly in the forms of the conventional religions.

It is true none the less that the neo-orthodoxies have contributed much to reviving man's awareness of self—after two centuries of incredibly shallow psychology based on the almost universal creed that the lesser explains the greater. Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky, conformists in theology, radicals in psychology, with whom the professionals have not yet caught up, knew that the nature of man was being ignored by the planners of social revolution. Similar is the value of such moderns as Barth, Niebuhr, Tillich among the Protestants, Maritain and Mauriac in Catholicism, Rosenzweig and Buber among the Jews. (Probably the Eastern religions have analogous innovators; perhaps D. T. Suzuki, a Japanese disciple of Zen Buddhism, is among them.) These are men who recognize the intuitive treasure in the symbols—the permanent myths, to use Niebuhr's phrase, of classical religion. They are virtuosi at so adapting this treasure that it reveals insights for our age of science. But their methods can succeed only with the mentally agile —the simple neither know nor need them.

Ever more of the people will demand, as they awaken to their crisis, that their experience of relation with the universal take forms consonant with the symbols and products of science in which they pass their lives, and with the perspectives science has opened in history and cosmology. Fortunate are those who can transpose and live within the ancient myths, but their

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field is shrinking. Our crisis has produced devoted men. But their devotion must lead them, not merely to be prepared to die, but *to know*—to know in terms of our present civilization.

THIS seems for politics an impossible requirement? Infinitely complex are the departments of our world, unwieldy even to the expert, even to the intellectual athlete. And political action in our day must be the people's. If, then, it must be based on expert knowledge of history, psychology, esthetics, and cosmology, what hope is there? None—unless the people become sensitized to basic facts, to underlying trends, within the bewildering scene. And this is not hopeless. One need not be a histologist to perceive the growth and pattern of a tree, or a chemist to fight or light a fire. What one needs is coordinated senses. To realize the causes and directions of our age, in forms true and dramatic, is still within our scope—and will be unless American imagination, fed on bad art, atrophy altogether. In every group there are imaginative minorities, and they are in touch with millions.

Let us take an example. N. Berdyaev, a Russian philosopher to whom softness toward the Bolsheviks cannot be ascribed, writes: "The Russian people are informed by an instinctive tendency to collectivism . . . which should not be understood primarily in political or sociological terms. It would be more accurate to speak of a tendency toward communism . . . implying . . . not a collection of people but their communion with one another." And he continues, "the social revolution . . . developed . . . under a world view primitive and obsolete." To understand this intellectually one would need to be versed in the mysticisms and messianisms of Hegel, Marx, and the Slav; in the mechanolatry induced by the successes of the physical scientists since Newton; in the Christian concept of the person and its corruption to the depersonalized will-drive of the modern West with its effect on the East; in the romantic psychology of Rousseau and its incidence, both good and baneful, on socialism; and finally, of course, in the history of Russia. An absurd assignment for the hurried voter, even if his attention were not debauched and benumbed by the hucksterings of his paper and TV.

Yet a certain intuitive, emotional knowledge of this complex situation can be awakened in him. He can know that communism from the Danube to the Pacific has become related to the oppressed peoples' thirst for social justice and *is related to his own religion*. He can know that an ideal he implicitly shares is betrayed by a police state, but that *betrayal is not the same as absence*. He can know that a people like his own, who have come to their present

institutions through the Humanism, Renaissance, and Enlightenment of Europe, must not expect other peoples with other patterns of growth to conduct their political rebirth in the same forms. He can learn to understand the economic and political crudities of communism through the crushing need of overpopulous peoples for industrialization, lest they starve, and not to judge it within his own background of the American continent as it was two hundred years ago, vast in resources, almost empty of people, when the American process started. From such simple receptivity to facts would come a compassionate knowledge to transfigure the American's attitude and prepare him for good relations with Russia.

CHINA presents still more complexities beyond our average grasp: for instance, the convergence of the depersonalization implicit in Buddhism toward that of communism, the relation of the paternalistic ethic of the old Confucian empire to Soviet dogma. But any man can readily learn to feel the Asian scene as a vast war of independence, in which a Western doctrine is supported by ancient attitudes of mind and modern hungers. Then he will understand the outrage and fury with which the Chinese observe an American fleet in Formosan waters, and perhaps even learn to hear the laughter of the Chinese when we call their vast world "a satellite of Moscow." As to the alleged aggressiveness of Chinese and Russians, the wrong way to allay it, he can surely see, is to provoke it. And does history reveal facts more egregiously provocative than America's present policy in China (the Democrats share the sin of it with the Republicans), and that of the whole West, almost constantly since 1917 except for a brief interlude, toward Russia? A few facts about the huge populations of Asia and their vast need of machinery for the production of food and housing will teach him that in his lurid image of them as world aggressors he has become the dupe of his own fears, his own acquisitive lusts, and his bad conscience.

IT should be normal for the common intelligence of our country to remember that men need bread but do not live by bread alone; that their bodily hungers gather them into groups of which the nation is the most inclusive but that their need is also to establish their place in life itself—whence their religions and their arts; and that if conditions change the ancestral forms of this synthesis they will generate ideas to replace it. Any intelligent American can know this and apply it to half the world's population. But the acquisitive will of our culture, for purposes of its own, has set up an aggressive system which speaks to him every hour—his own aggressive will responding—to dull this knowledge and destroy it with legends of "satanism." The system, then, must be contravened by another. This is the main business—because the *beginning* business—of politics today in our country if politics is to be other than the submission it is now to the destructive forces almost unchallenged within us.

It is not an easy business. It means a change of attitude so fundamental that we shall look inward upon our egocentric relations in foreign policy, in arts, *mores*, and politics, with a shock of recognition. The Hindus said wisely, "Magic is a change of attitude." The possibility of health for us in the perils America confronts within its own life and the world's, hinges on this kind of "impossibility" and "magic."

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The Immediate Imperatives

THE "magic" of a changed attitude is not to be won cheaply. There must be both the method and the will to achieve it, and the will of the American people is strongly set against it. Indeed, the idea of revolution, once our sacramental bread, has become our poison; and our tolerance of change goes only so far as we conceive it to be "more of the same."

There are very good reasons for this, which we can also understand. Both our institutions and our tastes developed without catastrophe within the culture we brought from Western Europe; corruption has been so inperceptibly mixed with values, so gradually benumbing and transforming, that we remain unaware of it within us. The "backward" peoples are more fortunate, for they see objectively what the egoisms of the machine age have wrought in its masters and upon themselves and are psychologically prepared for revolution. And Europe is better prepared, because its rubbled towns are a symbol of the necessity of change.

THE will to change in the United States must begin with the more sensitive and integrated among us. This term by no means includes most of the intellectuals whose complacence or masochist defeatism, whose escapism into a romanticized past or apologetics for the present dished up in pedantic terms that sound new, are quite the fashion. It by no means includes most of the democratic Socialists or ex-Socialists, passionately anti-Communist, who have not learned, even now, that their revolutionary movements collapsed, principally, because their concept of man as a mere social product could not win the devotion of living men and women. On the other hand, our term by no means excludes all men of what we call "the right." Among them are some certainly more receptive of the idea of basic change—perhaps they would call it conversion—than many liberals and radicals whose rigid and defunct psychology and basic values are products of the "bourgeois" world they condemn. The sensitive and sound must be prepared to meet the hostility of the sensitive and unsound, who are legion; to be alone—until they find each other, and until they have won allegiance and leadership among simple men and women unscathed by the latest styles. But we Americans are an ethical people, although now blinded by love of our ethic from seeing how it is being stultified. We are an idealistic people, although we have not learned how ideals and faith when divorced from the actual way we live become destructive. If we awake to our own facts, what is now energy for delusion will be capacity for creation.

The immediate imperative is that there be persons and groups of persons who see the facts, love life, and are methodically prepared to recreate their lives as prototypes for a nation, and a world, in which humane values can flourish. Whether such men regard themselves as political or religious is an option for the semanticist. They will clarify for themselves certain axioms which, beneath differences, unite them. When their *works* bring them into conscious relations with the public need, there will be action. It will not be a utopian end; it will be mere continuance of a beginning.

Here are some of the axioms:

a. There must be an end of our "ptolemaic" nationalism. By this term I mean the emotional behavior of every state as if it were the universe's center; as if all nations revolved around it; and as if its one absolute duty were to survive. America acts from this premise—and Russia and China—and Paraguay and Sweden, although of course none of them admit it. Its equivalent is the egocentricity, the egomania, of the child. At least in theory, individual man has outgrown it. It is axiomatic in every culture that a man risk his life, even give it up, when certain values demand it. One who is not prepared for this we call craven and despise. Certain absolute standards of conduct are expected of me and neither the vileness of others nor self-defense permits me to betray them. My failure to reach a "contract" with others for the abolition of vileness, with guaranties, does not excuse *my* vileness. And if my fear, which may be justified, moves me to endanger the community or to destroy a value in myself, I am a criminal and a coward. These norms have never been applied to nations, and we have survived for better or for worse. Today the nation which imperils the world because "the other fellow" is doing likewise or because it is afraid, or because no general pact against genocide is signed, is guilty without pardon. The world can no longer afford it.

WE reject Decatur's famous toast: "Our country! . . . may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." We demand the unconditional conversion of our genocidal stockpiles. We believe that such action would cause an irresistible wind of health and hope to sweep through the whole world. But even if our decency be abused, we demand it. For we say bluntly that "life at any price" is as foul a principle for a people as for a person. With our genocidal preparations we are committing a crime that no caution and no crime by another, can condone.

b. There must be an end to the division of politics into left and right, false antitheses that hide the true lines of choice before us. And there must be an end to judging capitalism and the several forms of socialism primarily as economic systems. Economic collectivism is here; production, communication, consumption by the machine indifferently compel it—in capitalist America, in socialist Burma, in semi-socialist India and Britain, in communist Russia, in fascist Spain. The man who today conceives of "individual enterprise" and "rugged individualism" in economic terms is as cut off from the world as if stripped of his five senses. Capitalism must be judged primarily as an ethic and a culture. Yet this essence of capitalism is almost never named, even by its foes.

Capitalism stratifies, and glorifies, the ideal of competition within the somatic organs of society. It saturates the physiology of a nation's production, consumption, communication, with ego drives and with individuals and classes that represent these egos, endowing them with the whole weight and prestige of the social organism. This is the equivalent of an individual man whose organs—heart, lungs, metabolism, etc.—were in such constant conflict that he needed all his conscious

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mind continuously to hold each to its duties. Such a man's brain would be enslaved to his somatic functions, would be so busy solving problems of digestion, circulation, elimination that he could never think, never create. All his conscious mind would be preoccupied with processes that should be autonomous and unconscious. The essence of socialist theory is to free the actual work of the social organs from the energies of strife and to release these energies for imaginative, creative action beyond the organic and in objective guidance of them as a whole. Socialist theory does not abolish competition or strife among men differing in talent and energy. It sublimates their rivalries by shifting the centers of value they strive for to service of the common need.

If the theory of socialist ethics is abstractly compared with the capitalist theory it is simple to call the first superior. And mere abuse of an ethic does not bar its presence. When Constantine's Rome became officially Christian, the fact that the emperor, who was a murderer, stultified Christian ethic did not prevent its spread within the people. We know, however, that under state communism or state socialism the people can be brutally tyrannized by a secular priesthood controlling every social organ, and that by exploitation of the values of socialism as the goal of a "crusade," the people can be launched into aggressive war. Militarization is one face of the constant danger of any collectivized economy; bureaucracy is the other. Both can appear in any system ruled by egocentric men. Both are as possible in a socialist as in a fascist or democratic state. Indeed, the danger becomes magnified as the society becomes more strictly integrated in its economic levels—which means that bureaucracy and militarization are more accessible in the socialized system than in capitalism simply because in capitalism the planned integration is bound to be less perfect. The potential evil of bureaucracy might destroy culture, even if militarization were abolished.

This is a problem not imagined by Marx and Lenin. The approach to it, which we must make in a hurry, is through methodic technics of education and through some of the solutions hinted at by anarcho-syndicalism. A new type of society administered by old types of egocentric men and groups would merely variate old dangers—in more virulent form. Syndicalism is the most neglected of the socialist theories. But here too we find the curse of Rousseauist psychology, which gave Marx the naive faith that when collectivism came, as he knew it must, it would be "good" because the people are "good." Socialism in all its aboriginal forms—of which communism is the crudest and syndicalism the most potential—must be transfigured by a dimension of depth. Like liberalism it can solve no problem of the corruption of power while it remains in bond to the false empiric rationalism which denies the insights of both the common man and of the high religions.

c. That hell is paved with good intentions is an old platitude—of which the apologists of both the capitalist and the Communist worlds seem never to have heard. Of course aspiration is not enough. Of course it must have method. Psychology and politics must come together to reemploy our culture's religious intuitions. This will mean no apocalyptic "end of days" but merely a continuance of life now threatened. To reach it, we must overcome our tradition of reliance on faith and exhortation. In medieval Europe and the early Reformation, faith unfortified by organic knowledge brought complacence and indifference concerning social injustice. "Justice is not of this earth, so why struggle toward it? Let a man have faith to save himself." In modern times faith has brought the illusion that natural man could achieve justice by exhorting love for his brother or by changing institutions. The whole story of the modern West—its reign has been brief—is that of a hypertrophy of technics applied to physical nature and the social forces of men, together with neglect of technics for the maturation and knowledge of man.

OF course it is impossible here to describe, even summarily, this central problem of re-creative technics. We come together through a shared, urgent attitude toward life and toward our country's role in it. But this attitude can be sustained and can grow only if it is constantly nourished by our specific conduct in personal and social relations. What we do will be determined by our place in the complex social structure and by our seeking to relate it and our infinitely more complex organisms as men and women—with life itself. Each of us, according to opportunity and taste, will choose among actions which we might classify roughly:

(1) Organized actions for peace, for changing our foreign policy, for refusal of military service, for disarmament and abolition of genocidal weapons, for world federations, and so on. This is the periphery of our effort—the nearest to mere exhortation, yet useful as propaganda.

(2) Organized actions for exposing and expounding the basic evils of our capitalist ethos as they appear daily in its cultural and personal fruits—which we are inclined to take for granted.

(3) Minority actions by members within their unions, churches, and other functional groups. Of course labor unions should protect the interests of members; scientists should exchange knowledge and clarify standards; Greeks and Jews should

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defend their rights, nourish their traditions; villagers should form orchestras and produce plays; congregations should worship God in their individual idioms. But the consciousness of all such groups is the defensive and excluding one of our ethos, based on the rivalry of egos. Each group, as now psychologically set, ignores the nature of itself, hence ignores the nature of other groups, toward which it now looks in opposition, falsely. This cripples when it does not destroy the group's legitimate achievement. Perhaps this was what Whitman meant, in his line: "Only themselves understand themselves and the like of themselves." If the group where we work is intimate, a few lives within it, articulating the changed attitude, may subtly transform it. If the group is large and committed to a program of power, the task is more arduous.

(4) Detailed, positive criticism of our present education, now a hodgepodge of informations-*cum*-exhortation. In democratic school boards, library committees, and the like which still exist throughout the land, much may be done by individuals and small groups to make education a *Gestalt* within which the informations take their organic place—and must, for conscious persons to be nurtured.

(5) As the selective consumers of our arts and letters we decide indirectly what they shall be. Today we decide that they be soporifics, deodorants, titillators of surface sense, and feeders of neurosis. As consumers and critics we must consciously and aggressively revive the almost lost function of the arts as nurture for emotion and mind, as discovery of the experience of the real, as organisms for cognition. There are many creative artists in America. The chief bankruptcy is in the criticism, which lacks—almost unanimously—the axioms for judgment.

(6) The tacit, causal metaphysical assumptions in modern science have been noted by Whitehead and many others. The central science for our political purposes is psychology. And Western psychology continues to be framed by an anti-metaphysical dogma which makes it sterile. How can the science of psychology bring forth the facts of man's nature if it accepts a premise, slavishly borrowed from nineteenth-century positivism, which excludes whole dimensions of that nature? If seventeenth-century physicists had accepted the equally rigid positivism of the medieval Schoolmen they would not have begun their work. Psychology more than any other discipline can help to develop technics for man's liberation. But first psychology must be liberated.*

(7) All the great cultures have practiced personal technics for the discovery and mastery of the self. For example, the 606 commandments of the Jews were a methodology for making Jehovah the constant presence of every intimate moment of every Jew's waking hours; the Indian technics—Yoga, Buddhism, Tantra, and rest—on the other hand are esoteric methods for destroying the person and transcending the Maya in which the individual is submerged. Every methodic psychological technic is formed by the purpose to which men put it: which is to say that the technics of the East, serving the purposes of the East, cannot be adequate for our different world. But personal psychological technics, *in our terms*, are compulsory for us. Only by them can the true contents of the self be known and activated against the egoism which is the source of all evil, the evil end of all undirected good. For us theology becomes methodology. This is certain: the old words, such as God, self, state, revelation, knowledge, faith, must be redefined if we retain them.

If tomorrow morning we find ourselves blown up we have the comfort of knowing that our problems vanish. We must support every effort against war and for survival. But if we survive, the suggestions of such a long-range program as I have ventured to sketch—a program of "impossibles" to create a world in which man may live and grow, a program of the "magic" of changed attitude to humanize our machine jungle—will, in our pursuit of it, be the sole basis for human survival.

*It is only just to point out that there are exceptions to this summation—psychologists such as C. J. Jung, the Catholic Michotte, and in our own country Gordon Allport, J. B. Rhine, Gardner Murphy, George S. Klein, and doubtless others with whose work I am not familiar.

Dialectic of Love

Amor sementa in voi d'ogni virtute
E d'ogni operazion che merta pene.
(Love that is seed in you of every good
And of every action which merits blame.)
"Purgatorio"

Home to the bed of youth and manhood's returns,
By the river of my birth, passions and times
Come back upon me, dreams subdued and worn
To the solemn frames of a great paradigm:—
The poles of being interpenetrate and breed

As man breeds on woman; all things reveal
The mingled essence: Night wears a starry braid
Of broken day cut out in little beads
By which her beauty goes more darkly veiled;
And day by the grace of shadow rescues form

From the vacancies of light, recurrent waves
Of breath and passing, man mother, shape and void.
Two loves have called us, change and yet return
In age as in childhood, rich with shade or stars,
But still themselves, not merging, the dark and fair.

Your name I think was Angela. It is long past
A schoolboy brought your books and loved the face
Of the frank smile, grey eyes, and gentleness,
With soft, light hair, wide forehead, widow's peak,
To be treasured again and again under many names.

Then the night hayride by the river, star-strewn fall,
When the nameless dark newcomer, whose breasts grew firm
With budding nature, and whose eyes were lures
Of the purple sea, shook down ship-launching hair,
Deep current of black night in which hearts drown.

CHARLES G. BELL

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CHILD OF GOD

Ameur of the Arcades . . *by Mouloud Mammeri*

[*This short story by an Algerian writer, dealing with the revolt of a ten-year-old Algerian boy against the French-established order, brings into sharp focus the conflicts there. It first appeared in* La Table Ronde, *a French literary magazine, and was translated for* The Nation by Eleanor G. Knight.—THE EDITORS.]

HE WAS called Ameur of the Arcades because it was hard to find any other name for him. He had no home, which is not unusual, and no father. As far as anyone knew, he had no mother either. He was Ameur and that was all. Because every night that God sent, blustery or moonlit, stormy or clear, he slept under the arcades of the market square, he was called Ameur of the Arcades to distinguish him from all the other little Ameurs in the village of St. Ferdinand, in Algeria. He was about ten years old.

People knew him because often at night they stumbled over him. He went to bed early, Ameur did. He didn't go to school, obviously. Who would have sent him? But he talked French better than all the pupils of Mr. Bourdais, for the good reason that it was neither an accomplishment nor a chore for him, but a necessity. One must know how to find bread and money, and how to get out of all kinds of scrapes—and for these one must talk, talk, talk. One had to live somehow.

Ameur had first learned to shine shoes. But almost immediately he saw that it was a mug's game. "You don't make any money, and it's bad for your eyes always to be looking down at people's shoes." For a while he used his shoeshine box as a drum and beat out military marches with the brush. Then one day he gave his whole kit to a newcomer to the Arcades, a timid youngster whose eyes were always downcast. "Looking down won't bother him," he said.

Ameur also tried working as a porter, for he knew everything and everybody in the village. He bought himself a magnificent shopping bag as big as he was, and each morning he would stand at the entrance of the market square where he could watch for the fattest housewives who came to shop and who were unable to carry their own purchases. "No wonder," he said. "They probably eat every day, maybe several times. Imagine!"

He would offer his services, then follow the lady while she dropped her purchases into his bag. "Be careful, Ameur, put the tomatoes on top of the melon. Don't squash them." But that job didn't last either. He could hear his spine crackle to the rhythm of the fat housewife's gait as he walked behind her to her house, lugging his full-to-bursting sack. Besides, there was too much competition. All the children of the Arcades had bags, and sometimes when they were very hungry they would offer to work for almost nothing.

FINALLY there was begging. Ameur tried that too, but, as he said, it was truly a dog's life. It was as fatiguing as any other work and you made almost nothing, and it was disagreeable to tug at people's sleeves and make your voice into a whine. When they make up their minds to beg, it is because they have run out of ideas, these children of God.

Children of God? It was Ameur who had coined that name. One night, around a fire of stolen planks, they were counting up all the children who lived under the Arcades. They found that most didn't know who their parents were. To make everybody feel better, Ameur had said that having a mother and father didn't matter because, in reality, were they not all children of God?

But life was becoming more and more difficult and uncertain. September was coming to an end, bringing storms, the end of the fruit, and the first frosts. Soon they would all be shivering again under the Arcades. They must eat, because a person is less cold when he eats. Ameur hit upon a solution. They would eat every day and it wouldn't cost a penny. As everybody knew, at Monsieur Bourdais' school there was a canteen. All they had to do was to get themselves enrolled in school.

Ameur's proposal was greeted with shouts of laughter. "School? Us? What a joke! School is for rich kids."

"We are all children of God," Ameur had answered, and in the end he convinced them.

Now it was necessary to organize his project. First, Ali, Kouider, Mourad, and all the others over twelve were out. It was useless for them to apply at school. They were too old. They would have to look for work on farms, on construction jobs, or go to Algiers. As for the rest, Monsieur Bourdais would certainly not accept them as dirty as they were. Thus the day before registration a wholesale laundering was decreed at the fountain in the market square after dark. Some of their clothes were so old that they would doubtless go to pieces when they met the water, and so it would be necessary to steal a few shirts and pants from the shops nearby. And they must comb their hair. Mourad would gladly lend anybody his big comb.

The hardest thing was the business of names. Ameur knew that the teacher always asked for two names. Since most of the children of God had only one, they decided that everybody must invent a second

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name. This was harder than you might imagine. Either you think of a name that somebody has already, or you pick one which sounds ridiculous. Finally you have to be very careful to remember which name you finally choose.

The first day of school came at last. The children of God, washed, combed, even perfumed—for one, in the course of stealing a shirt, had accidentally snatched up a bottle of eau de cologne with it—took their places in front of the schoolhouse well before dawn. Nobody else, of course, was up at that hour. Long after sunrise, ladies dressed in their best appeared, dragging by the hand youngsters also all dressed up and as handsome as sultans. The children of God marveled at their clothes. The ladies stood in a line and the children of God waited quietly against the wall behind them.

Ameur had to wait two hours before his turn came. He stepped into Monsieur Bourdais' office proudly, and almost at once he came out again shouting, "You are a dog, the nastiest dog of all the dogs in St. Ferdinand, a bastard, and the son of a bastard." His repertoire was abundant and perfectly familiar to all the children of God. Monsieur Bourdais, in a fury, came tearing out after Ameur, who turned just before passing through the gate and spat in his direction. The other children of God gathered behind Ameur and joined in insults to the schoolmaster, although they had no idea what had happened.

When they had all returned to the Arcades, Ameur summed up the situation. "We'll have to find something else."

"What did he say to you?"

"He was going to let me come to school."

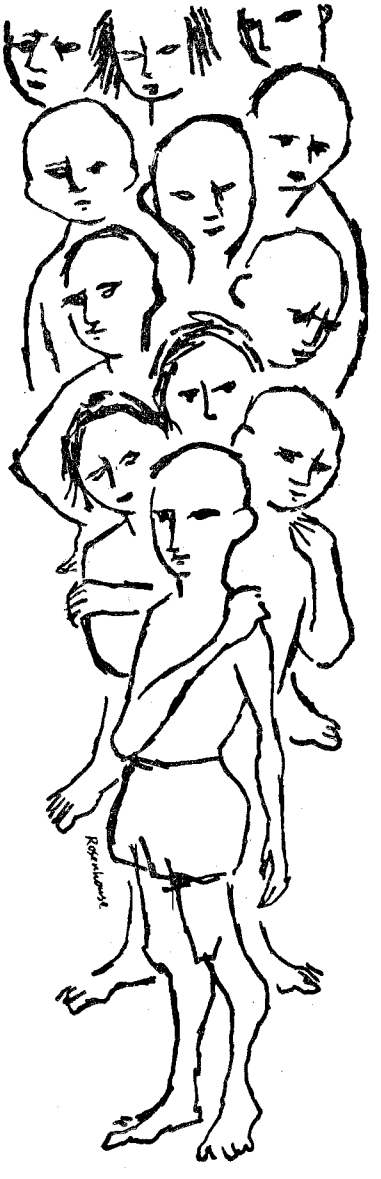
There was a surprised outcry. "Then what?"

"I said he would have to let you come too—let all the children of God come."

"What did he say?"

"He whistled and called you dirty Arabs. He's a dog."

Just then the garbage truck passed by and half the crowd ran and climbed on the back of it. Life began once more as before. It was necessary to struggle with cold, with hunger, with men, with one's comrades, to help the day get born—for the children were always up before



dawn—and later to watch it die, without regret and without hope. "We've had this one. Now the night. Tomorrow will bring what it brings."

MONSIEUR Bourdais, the schoolmaster, however, was remorseful. To see these lost children, with no parents and unprotected from the winter, compared to those who came to their desks every morning with pink cheeks and full stomachs, made him regret not having taken at least one. He decided to talk to Madame Bourdais about it. "This Ameur—after all—intelligent, energetic, really quite handsome, etc., etc.—if he were taken in hand, perhaps some day, one never knows—later we would have the satisfaction like saving a man from drowning." The Bourdais' had no children of their own. Madame Bourdais did not say no. Then suddenly one fine day she had bathed, scrubbed, combed, and perfumed Ameur, who appeared to accept it all as an everyday occurrence.

What the Bourdais' had imagined would be a most difficult task turned out to be extremely easy. In two months Ameur learned to read and write without any mistakes. But some difficulties did arise which the Bourdais' had not foreseen. Ameur's old friends came to see him—the more timid under the pretext of saying hello, a few just to see, and the majority to ask for a piece of bread or a few pennies. Madame Bourdais was in no uncertain mind about this. Ameur must be isolated from the whole gang or the experiment would be doomed. Monsieur Bourdais had qualms. There was some injustice in saving only one out of the flock, and it was all the greater when that one seemed to be the best able to look after himself. The children of God kept coming. Finally Madame Bourdais chased them away with her broom.

Meanwhile Ameur was learning fast. He didn't put his elbows on the table any more, didn't talk with his mouth full, didn't use the word "lousy" in every sentence. But there was still much to learn. He had no feeling for social rank or position, for what is termed the hierarchy. His relations with Madame Pillot demonstrated this.

Madame Pillot was the wife of the mayor. Before that, she had been a schoolteacher. She believed that it was her duty to distribute salve for eyes inflamed by trachoma, and lotions for bodies covered with sores. She didn't take care of empty stomachs, naturally. That was impossible, except on great holidays when she distributed platters of *couscous*, at the expense of the municipality, of course. This she called "alleviating poverty."

Alleviating poverty was Madame Pillot's profession. Some people are shoemakers or druggists or stenographers. She was the wife of the mayor, the most important official in the village. At Normal School they had taught her that the wife of an official has a role to play, and she had patterned herself accordingly. She found hers a very pleasant role, all the more satisfactory because it was guaranteed to last. Poverty can always be alleviated, never abolished. It was impossible—

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unthinkable—that the children of God should ever cease to be poor.

The mayor used to joke in public about his wife's activities. "It will pass with age," he told people, and, in truth, her good works did involve some risk to his advancement. To notice the poverty of the poor, even as a distraction, is to put the wealth of others in question, and it was, unfortunately, on these others that the mayor's future depended. But Madame Pillot was dedicated to her profession and it seemed the better part of wisdom to wait for her mania to pass.

Ameur understood the situation perfectly and had always realized what could be gained from it. Earlier, when he was still only Ameur of the Arcades, it had been his custom to call on the mayor's wife at mealtimes—the only times when Monsieur Pillot answered the door himself. At other hours, an employee of the village served as a doorman and would have kicked Ameur out unceremoniously. Even though now he no longer needed anything, Ameur continued his deplorable custom of calling at the mayor's house. Monsieur Pillot would come to the door and Ameur, extending his hand as to an old acquaintance, would say, "How do you do, Monsieur Pillot? Madame Pillot is well, I hope? May I see her?"

Impossible to put him out. He would have let loose the most horrible shower of abuse that the ear of man ever heard. And it would be lucky indeed if he didn't come back the same night with his whole gang and bombard the windows with stones. What could be done? A child couldn't be put in prison, without cause, like a grown person. And Madame Pillot spouted the words of the Normal School—humanity, dignity, freedom, respect for this, and respect for that.

But the whole thing was really quite simple if you thought about it a little. There is an immutable order in all things here below, Monsieur Pillot knew. The mayor directs; the gendarmes put people in jail; the winegrowers make large profits and lodge complaints; the children of God sleep under the Arcades. What would happen if we should scramble the ranks and even suggest that the children of God have as much right to the sun as the others? I ask you, what would happen? Everyone must understand what his pla is in the order of things and act accordingly.

The "Jackals"

By the time French Legionnaires had arrived, the Berbers were gone. The Legionnaires wreaked vengeance on the local Arabs, blasting their huts and shops with cannon. They took after the Smala tribesmen. . . . Their villages surrounded and with planes menacing them from overhead, the Smala warriors surrendered. "You have behaved like jackals," the French commander said. "If France did not have a heart you would all be dead." As it was, the dead in Morocco numbered over 700, including General Arymond Duval, commander of French forces in Morocco, who was killed in a plane crash.

The New York Times, August 28.

The order of things? That is exactly what Madame Bourdais, the schoolmaster's wife, was trying to teach Ameur in order to complete his education. He must understand that the same rules do not apply to the children of God as to society in general. Men are differentiated according to what rung on the ladder they happen to occupy. For there *is* a ladder.

Ameur listened attentively to the lessons. "One must never—courtesy requires—when a subordinate — the mayor of the village, that is to say the master of all of us . . . ." Ameur took large mouthfuls of food. That must mean he was hungry, because for some time now his table manners had been improving. He had been eating less like the children of God, more like a child of the world. Now he gobbled, but he listened, which was a good sign. The order of things, the sense of the sacrosanct order, was sinking slowly into this unruly little mind. For at least three months his behavior had been greatly improved. Madame Bourdais was gaining confidence. Her gospel was bearing fruit.

And then one evening it happened. Could the half inch of red wine in the big tumbler of water have made Ameur tipsy, or was the gospel repeated once too often? Ameur picked up his bowl of custard and with the force of rage, hate, and exasperation threw it at the stern and solemn features of morality and order. Madame Bourdais had barely time to duck. The dish fell in a thousand gleaming pieces beside the fireplace and the custard spattered over the tiled floor.

The boy grabbed a half-dozen bananas from the table, bit savagely at them, and made for the door. He was wearing his good blue shirt. It was the last thing they saw as he vanished in a torrent of words.

Weeks later, near the market square, I came upon Ameur. His bones were sticking out as before under his chapped skin. And as before, he asked me for ten francs and I gave them to him. He was about to move away, watchful as ever, when I said, "Is that all you have to say, Ameur? Let's talk a bit."

I didn't have to coax him. After all, I didn't represent order. He told me everything, bit by bit but quite clearly, in a straightforward manner: "I don't like traitors, you know. This ladder of Madame Bourdais' —the mayor was always at the top, and at the bottom, clear down at the very bottom, were the children of God. Good-for-nothings, your friend called them, as if they didn't have names, and even good names. I found out that I couldn't belong to God and the devil at the same time. I chose God." The muscles of the little face worked, and the bones showed under the skin grown sallow from hunger.

"That's fine, Ameur," I said, "you made your choice and you won."

"Yes, I made my choice. I wasn't hungry at the time and so it was easier, but I don't know for certain that I won."

"Oh? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Because now I'm hungry again, and to be certain, when you're hungry . . ." He didn't finish.

"You can hunt up Madame Bourdais and ask her to excuse you," I said. "Tell her—tell her that you didn't know what you were doing. How about it?"

Ameur was staring at his toes.

"It's too late," he answered. "I've lost."

"But no, Ameur, it's never too late. Would you like me to take a message for you to Madame Bourdais?"

For another moment there was silence. Then Ameur said, although these were not his exact words, "Yes. Tell her that I spit on her order and spit on her hierarchy."

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BOOKS

Mandarin and Slang

By Kathleen Nott

I KNEW a writer, a very small man, who went to Australia, the largest continent then available to him, fell in love with it and wrote an enormous book about it. Much imaginative thinking is based on an attitude, conscious or unconscious, toward continents, and also, I should guess, much thinking which passes as political or even scientific. (Russia is after all a near-continent.) The attitude to which I refer looks like ordinary romanticism, which has been defined as the pursuit of the infinite in emotion and in space-time, but should not be confused with it.

Romantic emotion about space and time may well associate itself with the idea of continents, but their cultural effect depends much more on the fact that the mind can isolate them, that they are self-contained. We can collect the imaginative advantages quite as well, if not better, by not going there. D. H. Lawrence illustrated this fact by sitting down and writing about a new continent as soon as he landed in his first hotel. He could presumably have done this just as well if he had stayed at home.

Not having yet been in America, I have amused myself recently by wondering how American I am, in the same way that being a European one is Greek, Roman, French, and German. I can see from the outset that America does more to Europeans than we do to America. And, in the long run, I think we shall find that America has permanently altered our imaginations in the matter of language and poetry.

In my childhood, the distinction between American and English writing hardly existed. Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe, Mark Twain, even Whitman, were part of the new and developing world of imagination and their different continent and different society might have been their own free invention, much as Gulliver's world was Swift's. In undergraduate days as far as American writers with a primarily American content were concerned — Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald—it was their expression of common or universal problems which counted.

American scholarship distracted from concentration on America, since it was so much concerned with us English. Much of it seemed to combine romantic peregrination with a kind of spring cleaning which implied a moral judgment on our untidiness, a puritanical discomfort at our neglect of our own literary history. The great literary expatriates from Henry James to T. S. Eliot have also been misleading because of their natural preoccupation with Europe as an entity. We did not realize that each was dominated by the usual imaginative attitude towards another continent. In fact these two not only imaginatively discovered us but even, especially in the case of Eliot, to some extent invented us, complete with past and traditions. But by coming over and telling us about ourselves they confused the matter.

What a writer seems to succeed in saying is important. But with creative literature (and possibly criticism) we never get at this except by concentrating on how he is saying it and on the difficulties he seems to have surmounted. Mr. Eliot has told us about the "intolerable wrestle with words and their meaning" and Henry James's Laocoon-like struggle with the serpent of language is obvious. I remember, quite early, getting esthetic excitement out of the mere fight and wondering which would win.

The serpent of course has to be not only tamed but trained to do its job of digesting the objects of experience. The convolutions of James's later style may be partially psychopathological but what is important about them is that they result from trying to lasso and absorb the objects and relations of a new and alien experience for which the author could not call on the unconscious preparation of childhood and early life, as writers who remain at home can do. Perhaps, paradoxically, if James had not been diverted from the American to the international scene by American dislike of the satire of "The Bostonians," among other causes, we might never have noticed how much he is an American writer.

The language of writers who remain at home, among the experiences which have formed them before adult and critical consciousness, can remain relatively passive and secondary, content with receiving and rendering experience as simply and directly as possible. James's language was an attempt to master and transform experience. In this it resembles poetic activity. And the fact that it reveals itself as peculiarly American in some of its qualities, strengthens this opinion. For now that the one-way cultural traffic from England to America has been over for some time, we can see that Europe is being linguistically colonized by America.

WHEN I suggested that James's language is both poetic and specifically American, I referred not only to its essentially active nature, its sometimes exaggerated vigor, but to its balance of Mandarin and slang. By Mandarin here, I mean a certain suavity, even an exaggerated politeness or formality which comes from using large, sometimes vague words often of Latin origin, in the attempt to classify experience. On the other hand, James's use of slang, though it often appears arch and old-maidish was, in intention, vivid, concrete and particular. A successful combination of Mandarin and slang may make American our *dolce stil nuovo*. One may draw a parallel with the development of English, which successfully combined Romance and Teutonic elements. This was what made it supremely poetical among European tongues until Milton upset the balance and it fell apart with the Augustans.

This undesirable split can occur again. To an English ear there is a certain orotundity and ponderousness about the style of some American scholars which sound ominous. But the linguistic colonization is

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not mainly literary. It comes to us mostly in the vivid, pithy, and concrete vernacular and above all in American humor, so dry and laconic that it reaches its highest expression in the captionless silence of some *New Yorker* cartoons.

The danger of Mandarin excess probably comes from too much concern with the old continent and its literary and cultural problems. One wonders whether the comparatively recent exchange of distinguished expatriates might not be looked at in linguistic terms; whether Auden, driven by Anglo-Saxon associations, wants the stimulus of slang, of living with a lively poetic speech which is always grappling with its experiences, while Eliot wants the literally Old World charm and solace of Mandarin. Obviously they are both partial romantics in the sense defined at the beginning but since they are both considerable poets and innovators, language must surely have something to do with it. Certainly Eliot's language has become increasingly gentlemanly and abstract since he left his natural poetic objects behind. Perhaps if both Auden and Eliot had stayed in their respective homes they would have won the cultural and imaginative advantages of contemplating the admired continent at a distance, and also helped to form a unified and poetic American-English tongue.

Man's Future on Earth

THE PREVALENCE OF PEOPLE. By Marston Bates. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.95.

By Kirtley F. Mather

THE ATTENTION now being given to population problems in many academic and political circles is an indication of both the intellectual maturity and the fundamental humaneness of mid-twentieth-century mankind. In certain overcrowded regions these problems are acute. In less fully populated areas there is increasing awareness of the fact that the world is now a neighborhood. Peace and prosperity—they go together—can be realized only if there is effective adjustment between people and resources in all parts of the inhabited earth. The unprecedented increase in world population during the last fifty years raises serious doubts whether such adjustment is possible. Although I can cite no statistics, I would guess that more of the printed pages dealing with man's future as an inhabitant of the earth are pessimistic than optimistic.

Certainly the stimuli that impelled Marston Bates to write this commendably readable book are obvious and compelling. The seriousness with which he tackles the subject, precisely indicated by its title, cannot be concealed by the casual, offhand manner in which he woos the reader. His technique is definitely that of the scientist rather than of the prophet. Quite evidently, he believes that to solve the population problems of the future, it is necessary to understand how we arrived at the present.

Therefore he leads the reader on far-reaching excursions into many fields of investigation that impinge in one way or another upon human reproductivity, morality, migration—in short upon the diverse factors that determine how many people will be living in a given place at a given time. Significant data are drawn from disciplines as widely separated as Pleistocene anthropology and modern epidemiology, or Polynesian sociology and urban economics. Repeatedly, the idea develops that the population problem is a cultural problem rather than a biological problem.

Warfare, for example, seems to have been important in shaping population developments for a very long time in the past. But "war, as we know it, is a product of cultural evolution, not of biological evolution. Therein lies our hope, because biological changes take place in the time scale of geological history, whereas cultural changes involve the very different scale of human history."

"Groping toward a theory of population behavior," Dr. Bates is wisely cautious. As a result of cultural evolution, the relations between man and environment are undergoing drastic changes. Cultural changes affect human ecology rather than human physiology. The latter remains purely a product of the slow process of organic evolution. But the ecological changes have had and will continue to have a profound influence on population adjustments. The unanswerable question at the moment is whether impersonal cultural forces are giving way to self-conscious, or socially-conscious, cultural development. Can cultural development be self-conscious and guided, without destroying those very elements of human nature that make man the uniquely valuable creature that in our moments of high inspiration many of us hope he is, or might be?

There is, of course, no neat and obvious solution to the population problem. Dr. Bates agrees with many other serious students of the current situation that there must be changes in the birth rate to compensate for the increased "ecological longevity" which in the Western world is approaching the "physiological longgevity" of man as a biological creature. As he states, "It has been a very long time since the birth rate of any human population has been a product of purely biological factors, and there is evidence from many cultures of the development of practices more or less deliberately aimed at lowering birth rates." It is indeed possible that within Western culture the problem may solve itself, though there is considerable question as to how rapidly the solution may be achieved. For other cultures the timing factor makes the problem acute. "We have rightly tried to share the Western techniques of controlling ecological death with all of the other people of the planet. Doesn't this carry with it a corresponding need for sharing our knowledge of techniques for the ecological control of birth?"

BY and large, I would rate this book as optimistic. It puts the emphasis not so much on the possible "perfectibility of man" as on the "improvability of culture." The great plasticity of culture is demonstrated again and again in the records of historians and anthropologists. Changes in culture have occurred, and are even now occurring, with great rapidity. To say the least, there is justification for the hope that man will successfully meet the challenge of the future.

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The Issue That Cannot Wait

FORBIDDEN NEIGHBORS. A Study of Race Prejudice in Housing. By Charles Abrams. Harper and Brothers. $5.

By Catherine Bauer

THIS BOOK is as timely in 1955 as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was in 1852. With the rapid urbanization and northward migration of Negroes, their improved economic and political status, and the recent school decision, the chief frontier for race relations is now the neighborhood and the whole field of housing policy and practice.

The barriers to free residential movement create a chronic and potentially explosive housing shortage for all non-whites, in most American cities. This problem is sharpened by wholesale clearance operations in the central blighted areas where Negroes frequently predominate, and it is dramatized by their virtual exclusion from the new private housing which many of them could now afford. In the ever-expanding belt of postwar suburbs, the lily-white color line is more effectively maintained, over wider areas, than was ever true before in North or South.

Mr. Abrams analyzes this situation with facts, historical background, verve, originality, and persuasive logic. He shows how the real-estate fraternity has systematically translated scattered prejudice, and certain inherent weaknesses in the suburban home owner's psyche, into a rigid social-economic doctrine of "neighborhood homogeneity." This doctrine and practice can even be used, he points out, to nullify the effect of the Supreme Court decision, since school structure necessarily reflects neighborhood social patterns.

With the rising federal responsibility for housing, moreover, residential discrimination becomes a major national political issue, and the distinction between "public" and "private" ethic in this matter is eloquently argued. "There was the danger that the prejudices of the private market would not only be adopted and supported by the government but be backed by its coercive power. From 1935 to 1950, in fact, prejudice and public power [especially via FHA and VA credit aids and policies] were already well advanced toward an alliance which was challenging the fundamental values of the American system."

At present the issue is more and more sharply posed in political terms, the whole situation is in flux, and what happens in the next few years is likely to be all-important for effective long-term progress. Since basic rights and constitutional responsibilities are involved, Mr. Abrams believes that federal housing policy must tackle this problem directly here and now, backed by court action if necessary rather than any special legislation.

On one critical question he is a little vague. Many liberal leaders agree that it is high time to outlaw public support of residential discrimination in the North, but nevertheless wonder about the consequences of any effort to apply a flat national non-segregation policy in federally aided housing in the South at this stage. Would it just mean no housing progress at all in the poorest region with the worst slums in the country, which is at present making a more serious effort than the North to improve Negro living conditions, albeit on a segregated basis? If this is a valid concern, then surely Mr. Abrams or some other bright lawyer (perhaps the new Ford-sponsored research project on housing and race relations) can figure out a rationale for federal housing policy and enlightened politics, which takes it into account.

The fact that this knotty question is still unanswered, however, only makes it more important for the general thinking public, as well as housing and race-relations experts, to understand and ponder the situation described with wisdom and authority in this absorbing book.

CATHERINE BAUER, a member of the Department of City and Regional Planning at the University of California, is the author of "The Citizen's Guide to Public Housing."

The Serious Twenties

THE TWENTIES. American writing in the Postwar Decade. By Frederick J. Hoffman. The Viking Press. $6.

CARL VAN VECHTEN AND THE TWENTIES. By Edward Lueders. The University of New Mexico Press. $4.50.

CARL VAN VECHTEN. A Bibliography. Compiled by Klaus W. Jonas. Knopf. $5.

By John R. Willingham

BENEATH the surface gaudiness and frivolity of the 1920's lay an artistic seriousness and vitality that the United States has seldom known. It is possible now to see that American writers, whether they operated from Paris or Chicago, knew a camaraderie and mutual incandescence, a shared sense of serious purpose that characterizes any brilliantly creative period. The importance of the 1920's in American literature now seems completely assured, and the once prevalent notion that our twentieth-century writers were a lamentable falling-off from the nineteenth-century, classic New England authors seems to have departed from literary columns and college classrooms. This notion has been succeeded on the part of our major critics of the 1940's and 1950's by an almost slavish adulation of the writers whose work was part of this century's golden day.

Though it is frequently distorted, much of that homage is justified. We now see that the young writers of the 1920's often created with an awareness that their work was in one way or another a tributary of the main stream of the newly reassessed national literature. The recently resurrected works of Whitman, Melville, Emily Dickinson, and to a certain extent Poe, had stimulated a large number of men and women to achieve a literary renaissance fully as striking as America's earlier one of the mid-nineteenth century. Certainly it has been the latter renaissance which has given American letters its present stature and influence at home and abroad.

Frederick Hoffman has produced a very important examination of the

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literary flowering of the 1920's. His book is not exclusively social history, literary history, or literary criticism; but Mr. Hoffman has mined all three areas as his purpose required. He set himself a stiff writing problem: the book's organization and method are predicated upon the assumption that multitudes and varieties of literary texts must be studied and analyzed before the artistic fertility of the 1950's can be gauged without the kind of distortion which has characterized most studies of the period. "Literature," Mr. Hoffman suggests, "is not valuable simply because it 'uses' the matter of the time, nor merely because it helps us to see the reality of any idea in a full, clear, and meaningful form; the form *is* the matter, the matter is *in* the form, and the reality which is thus formally given is a moral and esthetic anecdote of one or another aspect of the time." Accordingly, for each chapter dealing with some important literary theme or preoccupation of the age, Hoffman provides a text for detailed consideration. The determined impartiality of the author and the resulting value of his book for the reader are indicated by the texts chosen—"Hugh Selwyn Mauberley," "The Sun Also Rises," "The Great Gatsby," "The Professor's House," "The Bridge," "The Waste Land," and "Babbitt." Such a book leaves the manners and customs of the age to another kind of historian: Hoffman is concerned with pointing out the essential seriousness that underlay the decade whose silliness and revolt have more often gained our attention.

THE immense scope of Hoffman's book would indicate that we are going to see a long procession of studies of individual writers, major and minor. The valuable and fast increasing studies, already published or still in preparation, of Faulkner, Hemingway, Waldo Frank, William Carlos Williams, Willa Cather, and Hart Crane, suggest that the twenties is headed for the same searching and critical treatment which the twenties gave to nineteenth-century American writers. Mr. Lueders tries for too much in presenting Van Vechten as a workable focus for understanding the twenties; as Hoffman has clearly shown, the decade is far too complex and too varied to be seen symbolically through Van Vechten's work. Van Vechten himself knew his "vogue" was played out and wisely quit the field of fiction after the publication of "Parties" in 1930. He was too narrowly dependent upon the surface of the times—dependent in a way the more important figures named above never were. Mr. Lueders claims to have written neither a biography nor a critical study but "something of both," and his book is a warm tribute to a man he obviously admires and a lively look at one who is a charming enough minor figure. The undertaking of Mr. Jonas is really a model bibliography. And in addition to the bibliographical section, there are splendid short essays on Van Vechten by Grace Zaring Stone and Mr. Jonas. Their more modest claims for Van Vechten give us a really clearer picture of a minor writer in a major age than the more colorful prose of Mr. Lueders.

Books in Brief

"Total or Totalitarian?"

HOME AGAIN. By James Edmiston. Doubleday. $4.

A "biography of a Japanese American family," this documentary novel tries to compress within its pages an all-embracing case history. "Home Again" tells of the struggles of the two immigrant (Issei) Mio brothers, of the "picture bride" who arrives from Japan in 1909, of the desperate effort to acquire land, with the rent rising with every improvement their work puts on it, of the birth of children—American citizens who can own real estate in defiance of the California law—of cultural conflicts, of the triumph of fear and stupidity, hate and greed, which exploded after Pearl Harbor to put all American Japanese, alien and citizen, into concentration camps, steal their possessions, destroy what they had taken years to build.

Mr. Edmiston has written out of knowledge, and with love and anger. Evidently he chose the novel form in order to reach a larger audience than has been won for several excellent non-fiction works. Unfortunately his knowledge, love, and anger are greater than his craftsmanship. Moreover, the author admires the American Japanese so extravagantly that he forgets the fascist-minded, the anti-Semitic, the viciously anti-Negro among them. Their suppression from the pages of his novel weakens the overwhelming case for the American Japanese.

Perhaps the deepest fault of "Home Again" is the retention of an attitude which calls for reevaluation. During the war the cleavage between the American Japanese and their ancestral culture was applauded; their intense loyalty to the United States despite their adversity seemed to be heightened by the denial of cultural as well as national ties. This fostering of schizophrenia raises the question of whether the American Japanese can discard the second part of the description and remain whole. Mr. Edmiston refuses to hear the question, as the last page of "Home Again" indicates: "And at last Midori [the Nisei heroine] is free. The *nihonjin* [Japanese person in herself] is gone. This is total victory, incomparable completeness."

Total, or totalitarian? Midori Mio, in suppressing the *nihonjin*, gains nothing and loses much. Too much.

Mid-Century Love

THE YOUNG LOVERS. By Julian Halevy. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

Julian Halevy, a travelsome young writer who has been "seeing the world and trying to decide what to do with it," has produced a charming and beautiful story of two people in love. His book, a first novel, avoids both the sugarplums and throbbing tragedies so often associated with adolescent love in fiction.

It is the story of the Groper, a sophomore at the Washington Square campus of New York University, and Pam, a girl whom he meets in the subway. The Groper is sensitive and awkward; Pam is a woman-child very like the traditional romantic heroine. Into this familiar pattern Mr. Halevy has woven lyric intensity alternating with impressive sharpness of observation; his love story is all the more poignant because it is real.

Though "The Young Lovers" is set largely in Greenwich Village,

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there is little bohemian posturing. The problems of its young people are to a great extent the problems of an entire generation, the young people of the fifties for whom every value—including the value of rebellion—is hackneyed: "It's hard to find something that holds up," the Groper says. "It's all been hoked up—corned up in the movies and the ads—used to sell tickets or nail polish."

For all its negativism, however, the novel succeeds in affirming a belief in human beings, a force for love which refuses to be debased into dogma or rendered fleshless by metaphysical abstractions.

The Exact Sneer

SELF-CONDEMNED. By Wyndham Lewis. Regnery. $4.

The righteous misanthropy of Wyndham Lewis has made for some fascinating prose; his fiction bristles with epigrams and insults which often succeed in being accurate as well as amusing. In "Self-Condemned," however, Lewis attempts to pass off historical hindsight as historical insight, and his wit suffers considerably in the process.

Not so long ago attacks on the "hypnotized mass" were as startling as they were corrective. The literary hatchet men, a group in which Lewis certainly was a stellar attraction, cut away a good deal of the world's intellectual dross. Unfortunately, many of these "outrageous young men" are becoming too familiar; their snarls, couched in the same old invective, are embarrassing rather than disturbing. For Wyndham Lewis is still calling for the "superior man," the man who not only knows everything (including French) but wears a beard and is virile, and who in the process of holding his solitary flame aloft is crushed by the stupidity or malice of the trampling herd. Lewis's hero, in short, is still whipping poor old Babbitt, and in his own way has become as much a literary type as his quarry.

In his latest novel Lewis strains for the Exact Sneer, and one has the feeling that he is preoccupied with the balance of his phrasing rather than the accuracy of his picture. This is "superior" wit indeed, wit whose superiority rests on the pretentious snobbery Lewis invites his readers to share. Lewis's hero in "Self-Condemned" is Rene Harding, an "anti-historical" professor of history who gives up his job and goes off to barbaric Canada in self-imposed exile. Harding is Superman, together with the reader, of course, who demonstrates his own enormous sensitivity and the fact that *he* is not a "Yak," "Yahoo," "herd beast," "preposterous animal," or "squalid coxcomb" precisely by reading Lewis.

Mr. Lewis shows flashes of the pungent pin-pointing of character which makes his fiction lively. His people, however, are seldom more than caricatures, since Lewis stacks the deck so neatly his own way. The machete is still very much in evidence but has been over-polished, like those impressive but obsolete weapons to be found in museums.

Honor Versus Success

ACADEMIC FREEDOM. By Russell Kirk. Regnery. $3.75.

The indefatigable Mr. Kirk gives us still another volume. An inquiry into academic freedom is not, he writes, "wholly congenial to my cast of mind." He restores congeniality by interpreting his subject broadly enough to return it, once again, into a book on the perils of secularism and democracy ("learning will be trampled under the hoofs of the swinish multitude—and freedom in the Academy, too"). One suddenly realizes that this professed Burkeian belongs more properly to our native tradition of radical sectarianism; Mr. Kirk is a "come-outer." But American education will not be served by hysteria (see the description of a college campus, pp. 173-75) or exhortation.

At the outset Mr. Kirk commits himself to the "idea" of academic freedom and belief in its reality; "like other ideas, its reality is more important than the ephemeral reality of particular persons and circumstances." This may seem a trifle chilling but if one lives with Burke in the company of that "great mysterious incorporation of the human race," the immediate circumstances of life must appear less pressing than to most. The immediate circumstances of Mr. Kirk's book were some lectures given at the University of the South. Particular persons there had recently encountered the problem of freedom. The faculty of the divinity school had asked the university to announce publicly that Negroes would be allowed to pursue the study of the Word at Sewanee. The faculty quickly discovered they were there to teach and not to concern themselves with policy. As too rarely happens, most of the faculty resigned. But Mr. Kirk, lecturing soon after, does not fear to examine this incident.

> Without entering into the respective merits of the parties to this controversy, I may say that all this constituted not a violation of academic freedom, but instead a high example of what academic freedom ought to be. Whether or not the faculty of the divinity school were right and prudent in this stand, they stood by their professions intrepidly; and whether or not the officers and faculty of the University were right and prudent in their policy, they behaved with dignity and generosity, and held by their convictions without flinching. . . . The essence of academic freedom is that the scholar should have strong convictions, and stand by them, and that the academy should be governed by principle, and abide by principle. Sometimes, as in this instance, there will be conflict . . . but academic freedom is stimulated by conflict.

The comedy is not quite so fine as "Alice in Wonderland," but the technique is the same. And others, caught in the "ephemeral reality of contemporary struggle," will gain strength from the discovery that the fact that "there has been increased emphasis, the past few years, upon oath-taking in the Academy is in at least one respect a heartening symptom: it means that the public more and more regards education as a serious affair, and teachers as bearers of the Word."

I would only quote Mr. Kirk to himself: we should be dedicated "to the proposition that honor outweighs success."

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France's "Democratic Caesar"

NAPOLEON III: A GREAT LIFE IN BRIEF. By Albert Guerard. Knopf. $2.50.

This admirable addition to Knopf's new biographical series is written with a youthful verve that belies the birth date ascribed to the author by "Who's Who in America." Its chronicle of the triumph and tragedy of the Second Empire is gripping; its portrait of the Emperor, whose "career, glittering and tragic, was a picaresque romance on an epic scale," is vivid though surprisingly sympathetic.

Indeed, many readers will feel that Mr. Guerard has given Napoleon III the benefit of too many doubts. For if his "democratic caesarism" was mild and almost enlightened compared to the dictatorships that the world has since endured, he was, nevertheless, an autocrat presiding over a police state. Perhaps, as the author suggests, his regime brought some permanent benefits to France. Napoleon was an expansionist and promoter of public works: he inspired the rebuilding of Paris and other cities; his reign was marked by economic progress and prosperity as well as by profiteering and corruption. But if Napoleon left France wealthier, he also left it politically bankrupt. In fact, it might be argued that the country is still suffering from the traumatic experience of the second collapse of Bonapartism. Reacting against violently authoritarianism, Frenchmen took refuge in a kind of passive anarchism and they have yet to solve the problem of reconciling order with liberty.

Theater

Harold Clurman

ALTHOUGH there are some discriminating judges who esteem the plays of Thornton Wilder above all others in the roster of American drama, his plays seem to stand apart from the main line of our contemporary tradition. One rarely thinks, for instance, of discussing Wilder's dramatic output in connection with that line of playwrights which runs from O'Neill through Hellman, Odets, Miller, Williams, Inge, etc. Wilder is a unique phenomenon.

The reason for this, I suspect, is not simply that Wilder's plays are more abstract and stylized than the others, but that, while being distinctly familiar in subject matter, they possess a special sort of impersonality, a removal from reality as we actually experience it, a peculiar evasion of the concrete which makes them specifically Wilder without making them altogether individual. Though Wilder, when we look closely, has a mark of his own, his work strikes one as that of an "arranger" rather than a creator. His arrangements are artful, attractive, scrupulously calculated, and unmistakably gifted. They are delightfully decorative patterns created from the raw material dug up by other men. To put it another way, he arranges "flowers" beautifully, but he does not grow them. In this sense, he resembles certain modern Frenchmen rather than one of our own playwrights.

What is American in Wilder's plays are their benign humor, their old-fashioned optimism, their use of the charmingly homely detail, the sophisticated employment of the commonplace, their avuncular celebration of the humdrum, their common sense, popular moralism, and the simplicity—one might almost say simple-mindedness—behind a shrewdly captivating manipulation of a large selection of classic elements.

In "The Skin of Our Teeth," the Robert Whitehead revival first presented in Paris as part of the Salute to France festival there and now given here at the ANTA Theater, Wilder tells us in a poetic and fanciful charade, which mixes vaudeville technique, historical allusion, timelessness, and the bric-a-brac of time-worn jokes, that life is struggle, that man and all his works are always on the verge of destruction, that his love for his kindred (including evil which is part of him), the steadfastness of woman who keeps him to his promise of binding love, and his pride in his finest accomplishments in the battle against chaos will always save humankind and the world from moral as well as physical annihilation.

THERE are references in the play to Plato and Spinoza, to beauty contests, the eternal Lilith, the world wars, Aristotle, the cozy charm of American suburbia, refugees or displaced persons—but all this is stated in a winning children's picture-book style which should be comprehensible to virtually every theatergoer. The final effect is sweet, reassuring, now and then sentimentally touching, and for the most part lots of fun—like the deliberate innocence of an intelligent and charming preacher illustrating honorable homilies for kids who might fail to heed the lesson if it were provided in any more severe form.

The new production—and the play merits repeated revival—offers the sharp skilfulness of Helen Hayes's talent, the ringing voice, lovely legs, and charming gusto of Mary Martin. The production errs, it seems to me, in taking the play's trick of wilful corniness too literally. The atmosphere of general high-jinks was intended by Wilder as a gay come-on to his serious purpose, which is capable of reaching something like exaltation. The production tries for cleverness, rendering the play less stimulating than it might be by making it at moments downright smug, so that some of Wilder's thought and feeling take on a kind of complacency which is by no means sympathetic.

Our admiration for the gifted people involved in this production must not hide from our keener sight that they have chosen the line of least resistance, or mistaken one facet of the play's appeal (the "hokum" or jocular) for its essence. Wilder's baby mammoths are reduced to toy baby lambs. There is something vitally wrong in a production of "The Skin of Our Teeth" when its most completely satisfactory moment is the boardwalk seduction scene in which Mary Martin and George Abbott dance in amorous habitude.

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Films

Robert Hatch

A MOVIE reviewer ought to see all the Broadway plays. As it is, I do not know whether the weird transformation of Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories" took place principally on the stage or in the screen adaptation. Certainly, though, the transformation is weird.

Isherwood's sketches offered an informal, but surgically deep exposition of a section of Berlin society on the eve of Hitler's ascent to power. They bespoke the author's nostalgia for his youth, even the years spent in an atmosphere of impending terror. "I Am a Camera" is sentimental comedy spiked with verbal amorality and slapstick. In turning out this entertainment, the producers have overlooked the fact that one of their principal characters is Mr. Isherwood himself; that therefore they are committed to some regard for history and personality which they can scrap only at the cost of seeming superficial and callous. The worst thing about the picture is the conventional "sensitive" characterization of Mr. Isherwood as a moon-calf expatriate, pawning his small effects, drinking moodily in dubious cafes, tearing up quires of foolscap in moments of creative nausea, and acting as target for the buffoonery of his associates. If I did not know better, I would think he was one of F. Scott Fitfigerald's lesser inventions. There is something intrinsically embarrassing about inserting a well-known contemporary figure into an obviously contrived fiction. Lawrence Harvey, who impersonates Isherwood, has the good taste to look sheepish.

Julie Harris plays Sally Bowles, the part she created on the stage. It is a not unfamiliar figure—the girl at a cocktail party who tells you she is not exactly a virgin and expects you to be stimulated by this information. I like Miss Harris's characterization: she has caught the accent and manner of the sad young ladies who make hard work of dissipation. But they are pretty much all alike and the only possible thing interesting about them is what they are running away from. That, Miss Harris is not allowed to tell us. Shelley Winters, in a smaller part, is excellent as the downright German daughter of a rich Jewish merchant. She is irritating and touching, awkward but yet attractive. It is a piece of intelligent and persuasive acting.

FERNANDEL is delicious: that is an axiom, but it still follows that he must have something to be delicious about. In "The Sheep Has Five Legs" he is not given enough and the strain shows badly at times. The plot is one of those cold machines for versatile actors *(vide*, Alec Guinness in "Kind Hearts and Coronets") which start out by being a little cute and end by being a little tiresome. Fernandel plays five brothers—quintuplets—and their now-aged father. They have been scattered over the world by their father's hatred (he had wanted a girl) and the picture looks into the career and personality of each of them on the eve of reunion. Fernandel manages to inject at least a suggestion of individuality into each of the roles, but he is drawn out so thin that the basis of his work becomes more make-up than acting. The idea behind the picture was to exploit a star of tremendous export value and the exploiters have not had the skill to cover their motive with much invention or amiability. There are some comic moments—real tributes to Fernandel's grace under pressure.

ON THE other hand, "The Man Who Loved Redheads," another cute device for versatility, is good fun. The wheels again grind toward the end, but it is more subtle, less elaborate, and wittier than the French film. The English, after all, are the whimsy masters of us all.

A Britisher of Anthony Eden respectability has a guilty secret: he is a fool for a pretty face—one particular pretty face which, in the persons of a succession of very different girls, crosses his diplomatic path every ten years or so. The face is that of Moira Shearer; it never changes much (unlike Messrs. Guinness and Fernandel, she cannot assist herself with curious beards), but the girls who wear it are entertainingly different.

There is no reason to go further into Terence Rattigan's entanglements; they are outlandish and Miss Shearer's performance is a *tour de force*—which most performances so called are not. She is splendidly supported, moreover, by John Justin as her admirer, Richard Culver as his caustic friend, and Gladys Cooper—briefly but beautifully—as the astute wife.

Since Miss Shearer is a dancer by profession, that is perhaps why her little sketches are drawn with such shrewd economy. One of the episodes makes room for a ballet excerpt from "The Sleeping Beauty." It is not brilliant dancing, but it is elegant and pretty.

A GOOD deal of space could be taken up in offended cries against "Ulysses," a screen play concocted from Homer by a ludicrous number of librettists—among them Ben Hecht and Irwin Shaw. But I don't see the point—you know the acting scope of Kirk Douglas and Silvano Mangano, and can decide whether or not you want to see them enacting little gems from "The Odyssey." Mr. Douglas resembles this time a Villanova halfback on summer vacation in the Mediterranean. Quite a boy for stirring up the natives.

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Letters

Helsinki Conference

Dear Sirs: An important international event which took place June 22-29 was, characteristically, kept from the attention of Americans by being buried in the press. A few small grudging items did appear, by way of fobbing off the meaning of the nearly two thousand persons from sixty-four countries who attended the Helsinki World Assembly for Peace. Political figures, scientists, intellectuals, businessmen, and workingmen of all hemispheres and without regard to "curtains" of any kind, came to the capital of Finland out of the urgency to make the will of peoples operative. There was a feeling, in the exchange of opinions, plans, conversation, that something big, new, and vital, had come into being, like a foretaste of intercourse among the rank and file of nations, and between governments, toward worthy human goals.

Root issues on which the assembly appealed to the world were disarmament, collective security for peace—as against military blocs, a reunified and demilitarized Germany, the seating of People's China in the United Nations. Reaching solutions will be no easy task, the Assembly realized. But it sensed for the first time in ten years the genuine possibilities for peace, for alleviating distrust among nations, for a two-day flow of trade, information, ideas.

MARTHA MILLETT.

New York, N. Y.

"Let's Build Up"

Dear Sirs: I have just read the article which appeared in your publication under date of July 2 entitled Mr. Nixon's Man to See by William L. Roper. The article reminded me of the old saying, "man is inclined to be the most down on what he is the least up on."

It has been my pleasure to work with "Bill" Roper in many campaigns over the years but one need have not a small smattering of California politics to recognize the inspiration for such an article as well as the name of the anonymous coauthor.

Permit me, if you will, to say a word about Mr. Nixon's Man to See, but first who am I to write on such a subject? It was my privilege and pleasure to act as Mr. Nixon's campaign director in 1946 when he defeated Jerry Voorhees for Congress and then again in 1948 when he was reelected to Congress. In four years time a campaign director gets to know his candidate fairly well. As a rule you get them up in the morning and tuck them in bed at night, but not with Mr. Nixon. He would be up before dawn and busy studying and dictating letters long after midnight. He would conduct his own research and investigation on both individuals and issues and then make his own appraisal and proceed accordingly.

One need work closely with Mr. Nixon but a short time before you recognize his integrity, his intellectual ability, and his inexhaustible physical stamina, as well as the fact that Mr. Nixon's Man to See is Mr. Nixon.

I challenge you or any of your readers to write Mr. Nixon on any reasonable subject and I warrant you will get a personal reply direct from Mr. Nixon and furthermore he will not "pussyfoot" in his answer.

Insofar as Mr. Chotiner is concerned I have only this to say: I have worked with and against Mr. Chotiner in many campaigns. I have agreed and disagreed with him regarding both candidates and issues but never once have I known him to go back on his word. I might further add that if tomorrow I were to be a candidate for a state-wide or national office, Mr. Murray Chotiner of Beverly Hills is the first man I would endeavor to reach to handle my campaign.

Let's build up, not tear down!

HARRISON H. MC CALL

South Pasadena, Calif.

P. S. You have my permission to publish the above letter provided it is printed in its entirety. This, I appreciate, could not be done "due to lack of space."

TV Realism

Dear Sirs: As is so often the case, a thing is not necessarily a matter of black and white. With this in mind, I would like to call Mr. Lardner's attention (in re his article, TV's New Realism, in the August 13 issue) to the fact that the same "Television Playhouse" which presented "My Lost Saints" also put on a play called "The Rabbit Trap" in which the hero did not yield his "fair white body. . . voluntarily" but just quit the boss flat after realizing that the latter never did and never would or could regard him as anything more than just another cog in the entirely impersonal machine that made up the company. The play, which was an original TV drama, is to be presented on Broadway this next season, I believe.

Boston, Mass. DAVE BERKMAN.

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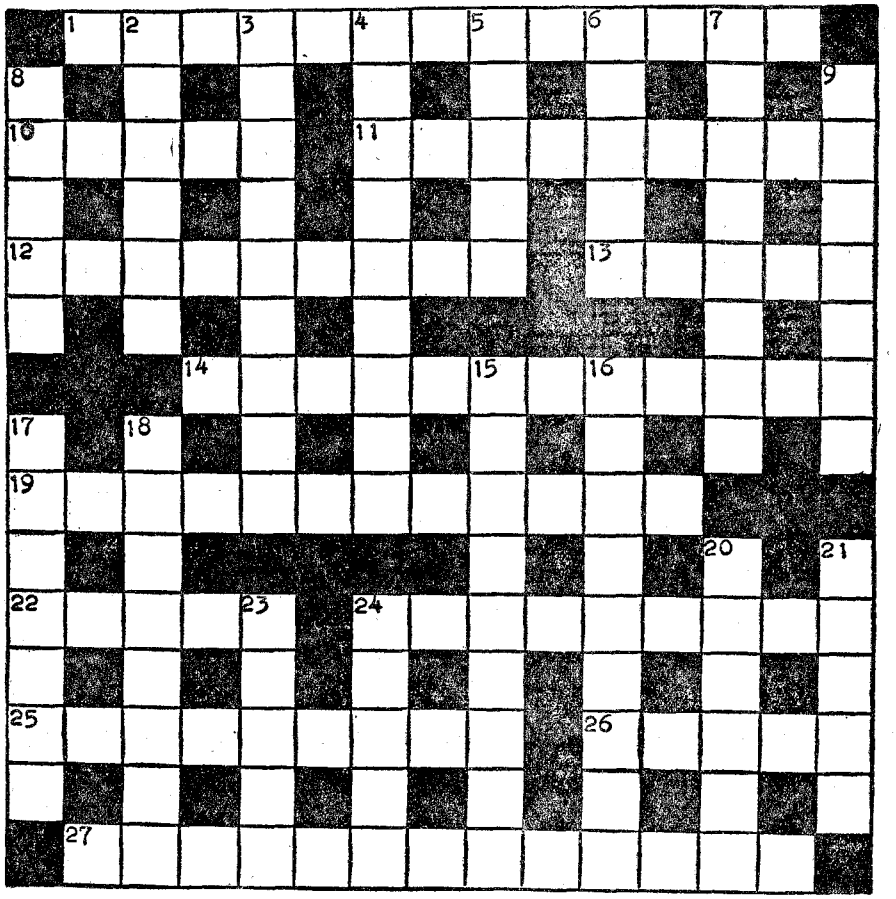
Crossword Puzzle No. 635

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 When it comes to money, on the surface, one might be made of a lot. (1,8,4)

10 You might ride one to cover. (5)

11 You can't have one, without a doubt. (9)

12 Little Buttercup's chops were. (9)

13 This author might make us the more confused. (5)

14 18 down and 2 down Suggests a yearly Currier and Ives version of Scheherazade. (3,4,2,3,8,6)

19 Just run-of-the-mill amusement for an hour or so? (8,4)

22 Virginia chicken movie or fishing, for example. (5)

24 British socks and American pants might be. (9)

25 Cotheater? (9)

26 Type of level, it eventually appears. (5)

27 Getting ahead of schedule? (13)

DOWN

2 See 14 across

3 Tuned discordantly, with an internal indication of pain. (9)

4 His calling is in the theater at present. (9)

5 High place. (5)

6 Troops at the extreme limits of the United States. (5)

7 An all-around quality. (8)

8 Might be equivalent to the shaky part of politics. (5)

9 This could get green in time, if stirred violently. (7)

15 We have quite a bit above, and the forest dweller might induce sleep. (5,4)

16 Current evaluators. (9)

17 Give credit to a resting place in the stormy sea. (7)

18 See 14 across

20 Air and this could make a man of him. (6)

21 Foreign star and educator. (5)

23 Pointed accidentally? (5)

24 Add a little something extra — they'll bail you out. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 634

ACROSS: 1 FRANKLIN STOVES; 9 SETTLES; 10 ONE-SPOT; 11 ESSAYS; 12 REASONED; 14 PROVOKE; 15 SHELL; 17 and 19 STOOL PIGEONS; 21 GIFT-WRAP; 23 SPRITE; 25 RECEIVE; 26 CHAPPED; 27 BRIGHT AND EARLY. DOWN: 1 FASTENERS; 2 ANTES UP; 3 KELLY POOL; 4 and 21 IT'S A GIRL; 5 STONEHENGE; 6 OPENS 7 EXPENSE; 8 STUD; 13 COMPLACENT; 15 SHOWPLACE; 16 LADIES DAY; 18 OFFICER; 20 SKIPPER; 22 WRING; 24 SCAN.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York

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